

Visits Woorio
Visits Buckingham
Palace





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That's the kind of performance that's hurrying along the heavy construction jobs all over Canada.

That's the kind of performance

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For a super-comfort ride, ask for B.F.G. Extra Cushion Tires.

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BATTERIES, AUTOMOTIVE
ACCESSORIES,
RUBBER FOOTWEAR,
INDUSTRIAL RUBBER
PRODUCTS AND KOROSEAL

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

Memo to the Victors —
You'd Better Be Good

AS THE new Parliament prepares for its first session one aspect of the election result is probably regretted by all parties, ins as well as outs. The House is too lopsided.

No matter who wins no group should have the crushing majority—nearly three times the membership of the combined Opposition—that the Liberals have now. It's bad for Canada, bad for the Government, even bad for the Liberal Party.

Parties so swollen with victory tend to become arrogant and complacent. Already, after 14 years in power, some Liberals had the notion that they ruled by divine right. Now they'll be sure of it.

Governments need the stimulus of a strong Opposition. They need to feel themselves in some jeopardy. Landslides are easily mistaken for blank cheques, blanket approval of all the party has done or will do. The weakened opposition now sitting opposite the Liberals will have great difficulty in piercing this armor of self-satisfaction.

For the next five years what the parliamentary Opposition cannot do must be done by the public and press. It becomes our job to criticize—not to carp, not to nag, but to speak out vigorously when we think the Government is off the track.

There's ample occasion for vigilance. Canada faces grave problems, especially in the economic field. We must export to live, and export markets are harder and harder to find. The

public will have to keep the Government on its toes.

One cheering thing, as we turn to this task, is the amazing like-mindedness which the election revealed across Canada. Most of us seem to have voted for the middle of the road. We firmly repudiated Socialism—the CCF took an even worse beating than the Progressive Conservatives, and the Communists were nowhere at all. Canadians swung neither Left nor Right; they voted Centre.

We were like-minded, too, in another sense. The vote for Louis Stephen St. Laurent was almost uniform from coast to coast.

It would have been better, perhaps, had Quebec returned more Progressive Conservatives—Quebec should not be a bloc. But perhaps from now on it won't be, for one of the factors that kept Quebec a bloc has been weakened if not shattered by this 1949 election. That factor was the impulse to keep a solid front to the non-French non-Catholic and presumably hostile majority.

Mr. St. Laurent, Quebec's own man, got a solid majority in all but one province. He was accepted everywhere in Canada as an able, honest, devoted man. The fact that he happens to speak the language and profess the religion of a minority had no relevance. Nothing could show more clearly the maturity and the unity of this nation.

Louis St. Laurent has proved that race or creed have nothing to do with success in Canadian politics if a man is a good Canadian.

It's Rude to Glare

THE modern automobile sports headlights of amazing brilliance and penetrating power. To poke an oncoming driver in the eye with their 64-candle-power beam of light is discourteous. It's also downright stupid.

When two drivers rush at one another, each in the other's glare, they're inviting a vacation in hospital, or worse.

It takes a garageman only 10 minutes to aim your lights properly. The job involves adjusting four screws.

If your car is old it might be wise to have a checkup. Even if you drive a 1949 model don't assume you're in the clear. The rear springs tend to sag about two inches after a couple of hundred miles of driving, and this tips your light beam upward. And don't forget a heavy load in the back seat or trunk has the same effect.

Spare 10 minutes to avoid being guilty of glare—and you may spare a life.

Why Kill Them at 65?

A DOUBLE DILEMMA faces the breadwinner over 40.

If he (or she) is looking for a job he'll find some employers don't want him—he can't keep up as stiff a pace as a younger man.

If he is employed in a company with a pension plan he'll probably be retired at 65. That's the last thing that many a keen, vigorous worker wants. He won't starve—but he's apt to rot. For too many men retirement has been a death sentence.

Many employers now realize that, in the proper job, an older man can be worth more than he was 20 or 30 years earlier. The older shoulders carry wiser heads.

As for the man nearing retirement age, why cast him aside if he's still delivering value? It may seem cruel, but many able men would rather die with their boots on than face the killing boredom of retirement. Why not give them their choice?



OPEN, SESAME!

YOU'RE IN WHEN YOU CALL LONG DISTANCE

A Long Distance telephone call puts you right inside the office of the man you want to reach—just as if you had made a personal visit! Long Distance commands *attention* from a busy man—spurs *action* for you—brings you the *results* you are looking for. Whether it's making friendly contacts or clinching contracts—put Long Distance to work for you in *all* your business dealings. It's the fastest, friendliest, most economical "communication system" in the world! And you can call anywhere, anytime, through the coast-to-coast circuits of Trans-Canada, the association of Canada's telephone systems.

The three-minute night rate for a call from Victoria to Halifax, 2906 miles, is only \$4.00 Station to Station.

Canada's 36,000 telephone company employees are united to serve you wherever you are, whomever you call when you use Trans-Canada Long Distance. They complete more than 450,000 Long Distance messages every year.

TRANS-CANADA



TELEPHONE SYSTEM

UNITED TO SERVE CANADA

MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED • THE NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED • THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA
MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM • SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES • ALBERTA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES • BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE COMPANY



It happens to the nicest of Guys

ORDINARILY he was No. 1 on the hit parade as far as girls were concerned. But tonight he was getting the polite but cold shoulder over and over again. Something was wrong and he knew it . . . but he didn't know *what*.* It can happen to the nicest of guys.

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is that you, yourself, seldom realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be absent one day and present the next. And when it *is* present it stamps you as an objectionable person to be avoided.

Don't Take Chances

Why run this risk? Why offend others when Listerine Antiseptic is a delightful *extra-careful* precaution against unpleasant breath when not of systemic origin?

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo! . . . your breath becomes fresher, cleaner, sweeter, less likely to offend . . . stays that way, too, for hours in most cases.

When you want to be at your best, never, never omit this *extra-careful* precaution against offending.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Before any date **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**
the *extra-careful* precaution

Made in Canada

In the Editors' Confidence



Do you save on peas in the States? Margolius finds out.

SID MARGOLIUS is a guy who can look at your suit and tell you right away how much you should have paid for it. Just the chap, we thought, to do the detailed study of U. S. and Canadian costs of living which appears on pages 12 and 13. We feel this study breaks new statistical ground.

Sid, who was consumer editor of PM newspaper in New York between 1940 and 1948, has been director of the National Association of Consumers in the U. S. for five years. He's written 60 magazine articles, and his book, "How to Buy More for Your Money," has sold 50,000 copies. A busy man, Mr. Margolius.

We got in touch with him last March and began to plan a careful study of two similar cities and two similar families on both sides of the border. Hamilton and Trenton—two industrial towns, each in the shadow of a larger city, seemed to fill the bill. So did the Bigami and Bieber families. Both breadwinners are steelworkers making the exact average steelworker's wage in each town.

Sid and his wife (who's also a consumer expert) broke down

each family's budget to the last spoonful of cornflakes, and then broke down the general price structure in each city to the last haddock fillet and the last rubber heel (haddock fillets: 35 cents a pound in Trenton, 39 cents a pound in Hamilton. Rubber heels: 60 cents a pair in Trenton, 50 cents in Hamilton).

To do this they shopped department and retail stores in each town, then related each item to a family's annual needs. For example, Sid figures a family uses 2.22 Turkish towels a year, but only .08 of a metal bed. He adjusted his figuring accordingly. On the other hand he figures a family has an average of seven doctor's visits a year (at a cost of \$3.50 in Trenton and \$3 in Hamilton) and 400 bus trips annually.

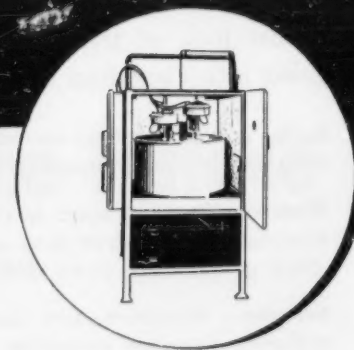
We couldn't reproduce all of Sid's thick sheaf of charts, figures and tables, but there are some sample prices to compare on page 13 which give some idea of his meticulous research. He has only one other comparison to make: Canadian retail clerks, he says, are politer than their U. S. counterparts.



EARLIER this summer Ken Bell, who took the picture on the cover, and Dave Battersby, Maclean's art editor, drove to Honey Harbor in Georgian Bay with Dorothy Vanstone, 21-year-old Toronto Model. Their report, reproduced here in part, confirms our suspicion that photographers lead a carefree almost idyllic existence. "Took launch to cottage down the channel . . . tea and cakes . . . then to work with model running outboard, tilting head, smiling while steering sure course among shoals, with Ken Bell perched in bow with camera . . . swim in the bay after shooting pictures . . . Miss Vanstone splendid swimmer . . . more tea and cakes." See what we mean?



One Tempest - coming up!



We get our weather on order, with a simple flick of a switch. Blistering heat, driving rains, blazing suns . . . they're at our beck and call with our weather machine.

We harness the weather to test the resistance of Barrett products. One year in the weatherometer equals about twenty-five years' exposure outdoors. That's how tough our homemade weather is. It's so tough, in fact, that a human being could not stand it. But Barrett products are *made* to stand it.

Relentless research such as this is a good reason why Barrett is superior in the roofing field.

The Barrett line comprises — Asphalt Shingles, Roll Roofings and Sheathings, "SPECIFICATION"* Roofs (built-up felt, pitch and gravel), Rock Wool Insulation, Protective Products, Road Paving Materials, Pipeline and Waterworks Enamels, Coal-Tar Chemicals and Anhydrous Ammonia.

THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal • Toronto • Winnipeg • Vancouver

*Reg'd. Trade Mark



One of these days you'll live in an...

aluminum house



MANY PEOPLE, perhaps you yourself, already live in houses which are as much "aluminum" as others are "brick" or "stucco".

Just look at the amount of aluminum which already is going into Canadian buildings:

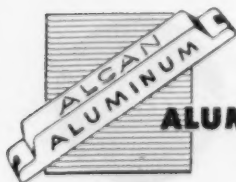
Roofing and Siding—Last year alone about 100 Canadian fabricators shaped thousands of tons of aluminum for use as roofs and exterior walls.

Windows—Today a score of Canadian companies are making aluminum windows and sash which have unique advantages: they never warp, swell, shrink or crack, and never need painting.

Insulation—Aluminum has outstanding insulating properties. Already numerous Canadian companies adapt it to keep homes warm in winter, cool in summer.

Gutters, Flashing, Trim, Architectural Hardware—Because aluminum is attractive and lasts a lifetime, dozens of Canadian manufacturers are now kept busy making it into all sorts of forms for use outside and inside the house.

Ask your architect or contractor about aluminum for building. He knows the story of Alcan's continuing research into its uses. So he can tell you about its overall advantages and how you can profit from them when building or remodelling.



ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

Producers and Processors of Aluminum for Canadian Industry and World Markets
MONTREAL • QUEBEC • TORONTO • VANCOUVER • WINDSOR

Why Aluminum?

Aluminum is becoming more and more popular for use in home building because...

...it does not rust...is practically indestructible. Therefore maintenance costs stay low.

...it is light and easy to handle, is very strong, needs only correspondingly light supports.

...it has an attractive natural finish, and can be painted if desired.

...like other building materials, aluminum can be used in houses of any design.



The curious crowd at Buckingham gate — friendly, jovial, but always there.

In the glare of an adoring but demanding publicity the Windsors live on a pedestal where their people want them

The Family in the Palace

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

THE FAMILY who live at the Buckingham Palace in London, England, have probably forgotten how to draw a free breath.

All their lives they've been hounded and harried, followed and gaped at.

One daughter decided to go on a strictly private holiday and 40 photographers trampled over one another to photograph the privacy of it, while the nation went into an uproar about her two-piece bathing suit.

Another daughter can't step across the street to see how the painters are getting on at her new house without half of London, plus visitors, trekking with her, staring at her and commenting on everything from her complexion to the way she walks.

The mother gets a dozen faces stuck into her car window every time she goes out shopping or to visit her mother-in-law.

Ten thousand people, clinging to fence railings of their front yard, jump up and down, shout excitedly whenever a nurse carries a small baby by a window and is, for a moment, silhouetted.

The father, ill or well, can't take a day's complete holiday from letters addressed, peremptorily, "The King."

They've probably got so used to it by now that they'd feel baffled and unpopular if people didn't do it, but I wouldn't trade my anonymity for that confining imprisonment of fame for anything.

Recently I stood in the crowds at Buckingham Palace and saw the surge of people and their interest whenever a car came through the gates. I walked after the royal party at the British Industries Fair at Earl's Court and felt the battery of avid eyes of the crowd held back by stalwart policemen.

And I feel that this gift of their own privacy to their people is one of the biggest sacrifices any family could make.

While the crowd is malleable and never out of hand, friendly, familiar and jovial, it is always there. The simplest, most personal, acts of the Royal Family are discussed and rediscussed. I don't suppose there is an ordinary house in England anywhere, at least not in rural districts, where there isn't at least one picture of the Royal Family on the wall and a scrapbook full of clippings about them.

Newspapers know that their circulations will take a brisk climb every time they run a layout about the Windsors, so they do it at a drop of a birthday, rumor of an engagement, or any national day. New pictures are as sought after as dollars.

Continued on page 47

THE WACKIEST TOWN IN THE WORLD

The crackpot is king in dizzy Los Angeles where phonies, fakes and filmania make a hectic heaven for the folk who flock to the golden west

World's Fair? Air raid? No, just a drugstore opening in glittering L. A.

By L. S. B. SHAPIRO

HOLLYWOOD—There is a school of thought of which I fancy myself a charter member which believes that Hollywood is the dullest community in the world, excepting possibly a small Arab village near Bizerte where I was stuck for a couple of days during the war.

I refer, of course, to the Hollywood community connected with the movies. The larger area, an endless tract contained within what is jocularly known as Los Angeles city limits, is an absorbing place from the sociologist's point of view. It is an agglomeration of poverty and ridiculous wealth, liberalism and reaction, culture and crackpottery. Especially crackpottery.

It has a definite aura about it. For instance:

A billboard at the corner of LaBrea and Sunset: "Discover the Dells! Irresistible steaks! Embraceable chicken!"

An advertisement for the Muntz automobile concern: "Madman Muntz is *crazy* to buy your used car!"

A want ad in the Los Angeles Mirror's Strictly Personal department: "Small brunette, trim lines, convertible top, blue foglights, standard equipment, low mileage, original teeth, well-kept exterior and interior, needs new owner with garage to provide new paint job, new upholstery and restore transmission and clutch. Object, matrimony. Apply Box —, Mirror."

This is also the place where a private detective calls himself a security counselor, where a family dwelling is inevitably advertised as a dream house, and where an undertaking establishment issues a calendar depicting a beautiful nude with the legend: "We specialize in the most beautiful bodies in town."

Before I say anything else I must clarify the geographical terms which I'm going to use. The word Hollywood will denote the motion picture community, and Los Angeles the sprawling urban area which spreads like weed from Pasadena to the Pacific.

I do this for convenience, because Hollywood has become so firmly synonymous with movies. In reality Hollywood, a district of the Los Angeles civic structure, has long since lost its physical connection with the movies. Only one major studio, Paramount, still remains within the district. 20th Century-Fox is in Beverly Hills, Warners in Burbank, M-G-M in Culver City and Universal in the San Fernando Valley. The movie stars live in Beverly Hills or Westwood, and they holiday in Palm Springs.

Hollywood isn't really Hollywood any more and hasn't been for years, but I'll call it Hollywood anyway and you'll know what I mean.

How to Make Love in French

LOS ANGELES claims to have outstripped Philadelphia as the third largest city in the United States with something over three million population, but proof won't be forthcoming until next year's census. If one may make a per capita judgment on the basis of the fakes, phonies, touts and assorted racketeers who have forgathered here, Los Angeles may well have outgrown New York.

It is inconceivable that these parasites came out here for the weather: they must have believed enough prospective victims lived here to keep them all in ready cash.

Things happen here that H. G. Wells and Nostradamus could never have envisioned. A Frenchman earns a living by giving public lectures to housewives on the art of making French love (with live models). A millionaire dies and leaves cash bequests to such needy persons as Edgar

Bergen, Greer Garson and Paulette Goddard. Flying buzz saws and other such implements are reported soaring through the sky every day.

Among the church advertisements I noted the other day one for the Temple of Yahweh, as follows: "Mrs. Joseph Jeffers predicted Russia sent the Flying Saucers! U. S. Air Force will not deny it! Winchell incorrectly claims he first announced Russia sent flying saucers! Yahweh scoops again!"

The question I should like to consider is: What gives Los Angeles its distinctive aura? Did Hollywood have anything to do with it? Or would Los Angeles have grown so charmingly peculiar without the influence of the movies?

Let us explore the civic foibles which can reasonably be attributed to the proximity of the movie industry.

The commonest is the klieg-lighted premiere.

This is in the way of a legacy from the movies to the larger community for the gala opening (Lights! Stars! Glamour!) is now a rarity in the picture industry. But it is an every-night occurrence in Los Angeles.

The other evening I saw a cluster of searchlights stabbing the sky, and I drove idly along Pico Boulevard in the direction of the visual disturbance. It turned out to be the opening of a retail branch office of a men's pants manufacturer. There were no crowds; in fact I couldn't see anyone in the store except a few lonesome salespeople behind the counters. But the lights made a pretty picture.

This is established practice for an opening or a sale at any kind of shop. The kliegs rent for about \$12 each per night; for \$36 you can make a real splash on low-hanging clouds in celebration of

your bargain slacks with nipped-in ankles.

A distinct characteristic of this community is its fanatic reverence for movie stars. This is one case where familiarity breeds a sort of ferocious homage. When the academy awards were made last March sightseers gathered in the grandstands outside the theatre 10 hours before the appointed time.

A light rain, then wet snow, fell on the multitude, and by the time the stars began to arrive the sightseers looked like a convention of drowned rats. Nevertheless they cheered deliriously. What's a slight case of pneumonia when you can catch a fleeting glimpse of Loretta Young?

I have on occasion taken out a movie star for the evening. In London or Paris or Rome it is no more complicated than taking out a pretty stenographer. In New

Continued on page 37

Hollywood's pretty waitresses are not a legend. Most of them are sure they outshine Lana Turner.



In the fastest-growing city of the U. S. a restaurant offers "embraceable chicken." Hollywood (background here) is just another suburb. Most studios moved years ago.



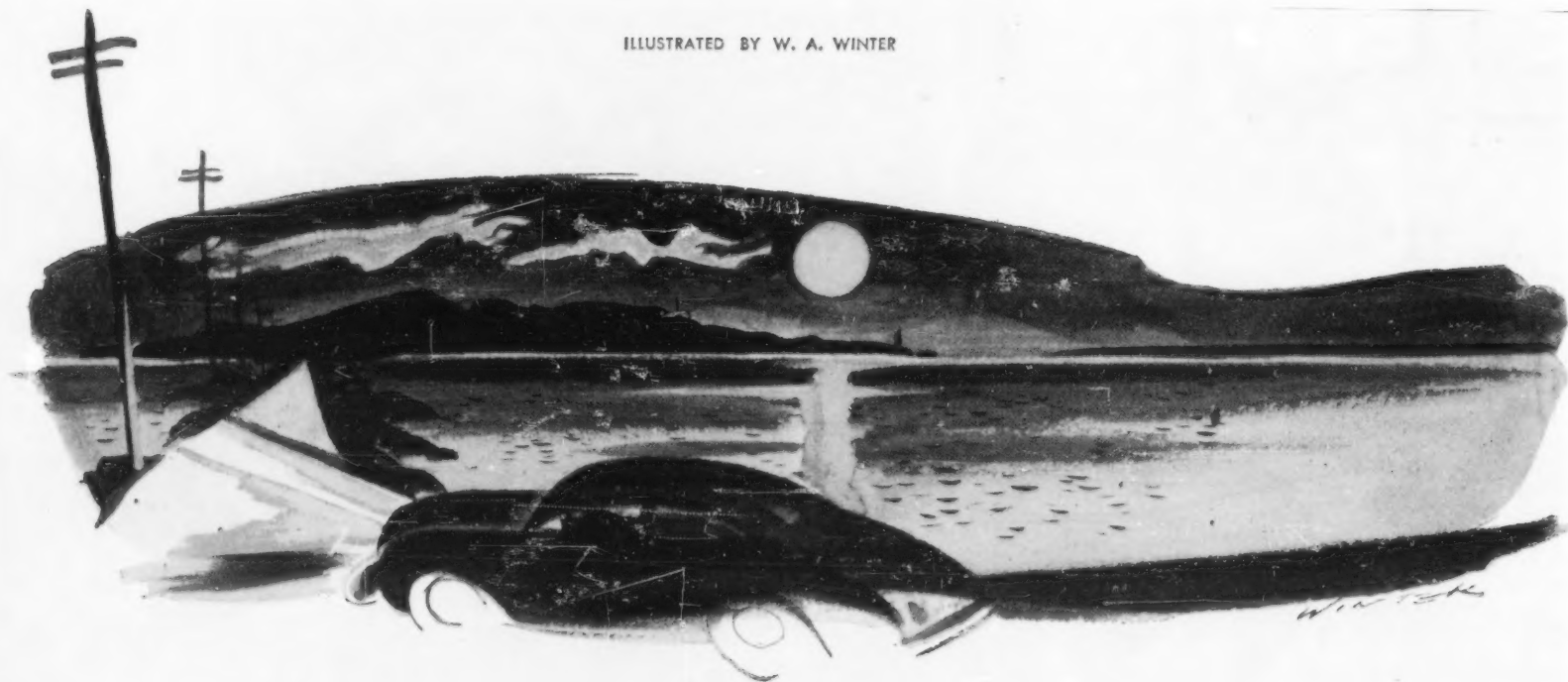
When film stars like Van Johnson appear in Los Angeles a frenzy seizes people of all ages. Thousands sat in snow to watch Academy Award winners arrive, pick up Oscars



A hungry cat,
an innocent cup of chocolate,
a lonely beach cottage,
made a horror of

THE NIGHT OF MR. WADDY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. WINTER



By WILL F. JENKINS

IT WAS night. Mr. Waddy held in his hands the wheel of a brand-new car. There were clouds hiding the moon and stars. There was nothing in sight—nothing at all—but the highway and the reeds of the marsh on either side, and the desolate, no-longer-used telephone poles that rose from the muck beside the causeway. This, Mr. Waddy knew, was a two-mile stretch of perfectly straight road. It led to the sand dunes of the Spit. There was an abandoned naval installation on the Spit, but nobody would be there. There was nobody anywhere about to see what Mr. Waddy did.

Until the last eighteen months he had been a bookkeeper all his life. His highest hope of adventure had been the discovery of a good murder mystery to read while he sipped the pot of chocolate which nightly prepared him for sleep. This was opportunity. Nobody in the world even knew where he was. So—

He stepped on the gas.

The car surged ahead. The motor roared powerfully under the hood. The tires sang. The car throbbed and quivered. It roared through the night like a meteor racing through blackness. Mr. Waddy's eyes glowed in the light of the instrument board. His expression grew rapt. Exalted. He hit eighty miles an hour, a thrill and triumph unprecedented in his whole existence.

Presently he eased up. There were only two miles of perfectly straight road. When the causeway ended and sandy ground appeared on either side he

regretfully dropped to his usual sedate pace, but he felt the better for his daring. He was subtly if slightly raised above the inoffensive person whom only the loud and firm insistence of Mr. Hatch—the president of the Jamison Corporation—had raised to the eminence of treasurer of that concern. But, having once driven at eighty miles an hour, he was inclined to swagger a little.

HE LOOKED carefully for the turnoff to Mr. Hatch's cottage. It was the only cottage on the Spit. No human activity went on here now. A deep-water wharf still stood at the other end at the naval installation this highway had been built to serve, but nobody lived anywhere around. Mr. Waddy felt a thrill at the reflection that there was no other human being within miles. He was alone as he could not remember ever having been before. In such isolation, he told himself with zest, practically anything could happen. But of course he knew that nothing would.

Here was the turnoff. It was a narrow trail, surfaced with crushed oyster shells, which led to the cottage used by Mr. Hatch during the duck-hunting season. Mr. Waddy had never thought such thoughts before, but now he felt a certain rakish satisfaction in guessing that a person of Mr. Hatch's tastes might find such enormous privacy useful at other seasons of the year also.

He followed the winding trail, between dunes and over dunes, through clumps of saltbush and past an occasional straggling, struggling tree. Presently he saw the reflection of his headlights in the windows of the cottage. He drove on. He reached the

cottage. He killed the motor and got out of the car. With the motor silent the sensation of thrilling isolation grew deeper.

He heard the deep-bass roar of unseen surf beating upon a hidden shelving shore. He heard startling, intermittent cries of insects in the night. They seemed remarkable where no humans dwelt. The cottage, beside the car, was creakingly silent. A wind hummed and moaned about its roof.

Mr. Waddy drew in his breath in sharp perception of thrill. He took out the cottage key and unlocked the door. He went in to be greeted by the dry stuffiness of a shut-up seashore cottage. He switched on the electric light. Everything was in order—dusty but undisturbed. He had been here twice before as Mr. Hatch's guest. He carried in his bag and the parcel of documents he had been instructed to bring. He found the flashlight and went out to start the electric-light plant. It was in a small shed only yards behind the cottage. He started the motor to charge the storage batteries. He closed the door behind him and stood still a moment, savoring the lonely noises of the dark. The boom of the surf and the throbbing of the motor. Dark clouds and isolation. This was fascinatingly perfect as the setting for murder, except, of course, that there was nobody around either to kill or to be killed.

SOMETHING touched his leg. A tingling chill went all over him. Then the flashlight beam showed a black-and-white cat rubbing in the brazen overtures of its kind when hungry. The crawling sensation at the

Continued on page 43



His killer moved to watch in the living room windows.

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page 43



Oscar Bieber, Hamilton, Ont., steelworker (weekly take-home \$47.50), doesn't live quite as well as his U. S. counterpart, but the gap is shrinking. Part-time work and past savings help meet this weekly budget.

American Family

\$23.50

9.25

13.00

2.25

4.00

2.00

2.00

1.50

6.25

.50

.60

...

\$64.85

Food, cleaning supplies

Rent, heat, utilities

Clothes

Insurance

Medical, dental

Laundry, dry cleaning

House furnishings

Church, charity, gifts

Recreation, periodicals

Barber, beauty

Tobacco

Carfare, telephone

Canadian Family

\$20.00

8.00

10.00

1.90

3.50

...

3.00

1.10

5.95

.80

1.25

1.55

\$57.05

The family of Al Bigami, Trenton, N.J., steelworker (\$55 a week), enjoys more clothes and gadgets, pays more for food and rent. Like many Americans, Al just had a pay cut, must scratch to meet his bills.



Would You Live Better In the U.S.?

Maclean's made a detailed test to see if our lower prices make up for lower wages. Not quite — by 10%. But we're catching up

By **SIDNEY MARGOLIUS**

CANADIANS who hop over to Buffalo or Seattle and find a good shirt for \$3 and a cup of coffee for a nickel are sure the Americans are living much better than we do.

U. S. tourists return from Canada with two stories: the beer is warm but the food is cheap. Those Canadians sure have it good.

Who is right? Can they both be right?

For a month, early this summer, Maclean's shuttled me back and forth between the two countries making an exact and highly detailed comparison of living costs. I shopped the stores and digested the price and wage statistics. In Hamilton, Ont., and Trenton, N.J., two medium-sized industrial cities, I took two typical families and counted their expenses right down to the last penny for a bottle of milk or a haircut.

Here's what I found:

(1) For the same amount of cash the Canadian family can still buy more than the American. Food is less costly here and this big item more than makes up for the \$100 extra Canadians pay for a refrigerator or the twice as much they pay for cigarettes. Eating costs about 13% less in Hamilton than in Trenton. Clothing for the whole family is only slightly more expensive in Canada, despite some dramatic differences, like the \$3 shirt that costs \$4. The total bill for the goods and services a family needs is 8% less in Hamilton than in Trenton. Even if you include a car, which is cheaper to run in the United States, Hamilton still comes out 6% to the good.

(2) But while the Canadian's dollars take him farther he gets fewer of them. The American industrial worker's wartime and postwar raises boosted his average weekly pay to \$52.60. The Canadian's average is \$44.35. So the American still has the better standard of living—about 10% better, in fact.

(3) That's not the whole story, for right now the Canadian is gaining ground. In the U. S., with growing unemployment causing shorter work weeks, wages have been falling almost twice as fast as the cost of living. In Canada living costs held steady for the first half of the year while pay continued to rise.

Meet the Biebers and Bigamis

WHAT do these facts and figures mean to people? Let's look into the pay envelopes, the pantries and the clothes cupboards of a Canadian and an American. They are Oscar Bieber, 39, a lean, keen-minded Hamilton steelworker, and Al Bigami, 35, a husky, friendly steelworker who lives in Trenton.

Both are married. Al, the American, has a four-year-old boy, Ronald; Oscar's boy, Gerald, is eight. Both earn just about the average for steelworkers, and a little more than most other industrial workers in their respective towns.

Until last May Al was doing very well with a wage of \$70 for operating a cable-coiling machine at the Roebling steel plant in Trenton. Then orders dropped and Al was dropped too—to the shipping room where he now earns \$60 for 40 hours, which means he takes home about \$55 after taxes and social-security deductions.

Oscar, the Canadian, gets \$52 for a 44-hour week

operating a wiremaking machine at the Frost Steel and Wire Co. plant in Hamilton. He takes home \$47.50.

Right now, if you walked into Al's three-room, second-floor flat in Trenton, talked to his wife and even looked in his closets as I did, you'd consider he has a better living than the Canadian, Oscar. In Trenton, Lucy Bigami has an electric sewing machine, washer, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, pressure cooker, pop-up toaster and steam iron. Muriel Bieber, in Hamilton, has the washing machine, a treadle sewing machine she bought for \$4 at an auction eight years ago—and that's all. Mrs. Bigami has wool rugs or inlaid linoleum. Mrs. Bieber, the Canadian, has the cheaper floor oilcloth on all her floors.

Mrs. Bigami doesn't consider her six-cubic-foot refrigerator big enough; she's after Al to buy one of the nine-foot boxes now on sale in the U. S. for under \$250. The Biebers of Hamilton will string along with the iceman. They can't see going into debt for over \$300 for a refrigerator the size the Bigamis want to discard. Mrs. Bieber's big ambition right now is to save up \$50 so she can get her old sewing machine electrified this fall.

If you sat down and ate with the two families you'd find little difference. Both eat well. Last year they both sold off the secondhand cars each had bought during the war; they were getting too costly to operate. And the Trenton family is cutting down on the amount of clothes it had been buying. But you'll still find meat on the table every night, and the better cuts at that: steaks, chops, roasts, chicken once a week, occasionally hamburger, but rarely fish or low-cost stews. You'll find eggs and bacon at breakfast in both homes, although both the men eat just cereal. Both women insist you can tell the difference between margarine and butter, and refuse to use the lower-cost spread. If anything, the Canadian family is inclined to use more of the expensive items of butter and meat even on its lower pay. Mrs. Bieber uses two pounds of butter a week at 58 cents. Dollar butter two years ago taught Mrs. Bigami to get along on a half pound a week, even though now it's down to 70 cents.

Also, Mrs. Bieber of Hamilton will more often buy a full pound of meat for her family's dinner, while Mrs. Bigami of Trenton tries to get along on three quarters.

The Bigamis do enjoy a wider variety of fresh fruits and vegetables. They have grapefruit or orange juice at every breakfast, and with dinners such items as corn on the cob, string beans, broccoli, Brussels sprouts and salads. If any of these are not in season then they'll buy them frozen. Rarely does Mrs. Bigami buy the cheaper vegetables like carrots, cabbage, beets and turnips. But these, with canned vegetables, provide the staples of the Bieber menus.

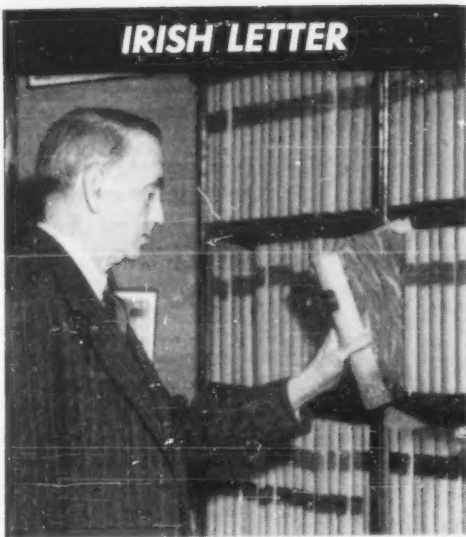
At that Mrs. Bieber can get a can of green beans for a nickel less than Mrs. Bigami. The Canadian family also gets a break on milk and bread. Mrs. Bigami pays 26 cents a 32-oz. quart delivered, although she could buy it at the store for 21. For a 40-oz. quart Mrs. Bieber pays only 19 cents, delivered or at the store. Mrs. Bigami pays 16 cents for a 16-oz. loaf of bread, Mrs. Bieber can buy the Canadian 24-oz. loaf for 12.

Result: for much the same diet the Bigamis spend about \$23.50 a week, and the Canadian Biebers about \$20.

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DURING June Mr. Margolius shopped the groceries and department stores of two middle-sized cities, Hamilton, Ont. (pop. 180,000), and Trenton, N.J. (pop. 125,000), to compare prices of staple articles of equal quality in Canada and the United States. Here are typical samples of his findings.

FOOD	Trenton	Hamilton
Orange juice, 20-oz.	.14	.16
Peas, 20-oz.	.15	.13
Potatoes	.06	.03
Milk	.21	.19
Margarine	.24	.38
Butter	.71	.61
Eggs, large	.71	.59
Pork chops, shoulder	.49	.67
Rib roast	.65	.57
Pink salmon, 16-oz.	.59	.36
Bread	.15 (16-oz.)	.11½ (24-oz.)
Flour, lb.	.09½	.07
Coffee	.49	.58
Tea	1.15	.95
CLOTHING, MEN'S AND BOYS'		
Shirts	3.13	3.75
Pyjamas	3.58	4.50
Boys' suit, wool and rayon gabardine	19.58	16.95
Shoes, boys'	5.68	4.95
Shoes, oxford	9.02	9.75
Suits, worsted	43.52	43.83
Overcoat, all wool	43.61	44.50
CLOTHING, WOMEN'S		
Girdles	5.71	5.21
Nylons, 30-51 gauge	1.24	1.65
Women's shoes, calf	8.83	8.95
Dress, wool	15.98	14.00
HOUSE FURNISHINGS		
Living-room chair	60.03	63.00
Spring, 99-coil	18.30	17.50
Sheets, 81x99, muslin	2.60	4.00
Blankets, wool, 72x84	11.42	11.95
Electric refrigerator, 7 cu. ft.	218.68	338.00
MISCELLANEOUS		
Doctor: office visit	2.50	2.00
Dentist: upper plate	70.00	50.00
Aspirin, 5 grain (100)	.49	.58
Soap powder	.30	.35
Haircut (man)	.85	.65
Finger wave	.75	.50
Telephone, monthly	4.00	2.95
Rent, four heated rooms	45.60	40.00
Gasoline (Imp'l gal.)	.30	.40
Tires, 600x16	16.00	18.45



Premier Costello: Courtesy and tub-thumping.

The Riddle of The Republic

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

CHUTER EDE, the British Home Secretary, was winding up the debate which recognized the status of Eire as a republic and permitted Irish people to live in Britain without being classed as foreigners, but which also insisted that Ulster would remain as part of the United Kingdom unless a decision to the contrary was taken by the Ulster Parliament.

It was the end of a two-day debate in which British M.P.'s of Irish ancestry had recovered all the fiery eloquence of their ancestors and had proclaimed with passion and vocal cadenzas the wrongs perpetrated against dear little Ireland.

"The Irish problem has beset this country for 700 years," said Mr. Ede, "and has proved the graveyard of many a political reputation." Then, with sincerity and simplicity, he asked Ireland to forget its sorrows and to look to the future rather than the past. The door through which Eire had departed from the Commonwealth would be kept open, and if some day the republic wanted to come back there would be no reproaches and no questions asked.

But that was in London. What would I find in Dublin's fair city where, according to the old song, the girls are so pretty?

It is indeed a fair city. The wicked British planned it with wide streets and gracious parks and splendid squares. They wanted it to be the loveliest of the viceregal cities and they succeeded in their villainous design.

Now it is the capital of the Republic of Ireland, and while Nelson's monument still stands on O'Connell Street I am able to report that Mr. Costello's Government has removed the huge statue of Queen Victoria that squatted in the courtyard of the Dail. No British flag flies in Dublin except over the British Consulate. No British soldier or official contaminates the sacred stones. The long night of tyranny is over and Ireland is free.

I wondered as a

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Conquest of Quebec, 1949

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

IN QUEBEC CITY, just before the election, a leading Liberal said: "Frankly, I think we're going to lose a dozen to 15 seats. But I don't regret it, because it means the ruin of Duplessis and his Union Nationale. Their whole stock in trade has been isolation, freedom from any tie with Ottawa. Now they're in a federal fight up to their ears, and in the long run it'll smash them."

He was wrong about the 15 Liberal losses, but that makes it all the likelier that he may prove to be right about the Union Nationale's future. The election was a personal defeat for Premier Maurice Duplessis, no less than for his Ontario ex-partner, George Drew.

Mr. Duplessis did not appear on Progressive Conservative platforms during the campaign, but that was all he omitted. Of his 20 cabinet ministers 19 were openly in the battle at Mr. Drew's side. His Labor Minister, Hon. Antonio Barrette, told the Drew meeting at Joliette:

"In the provincial election last year I spent only four days in the riding working for my own seat. I have been working four weeks to win for Edouard Hetu" (the PC candidate, who was beaten by 3,000 votes).

Even Premier Duplessis himself dropped the occasional word in season. Mr. Drew called on him at the Quebec Legislative Buildings. As they posed in a handshake behind Mr. Duplessis' desk a photographer said, "Would you mind coming forward a little?"

"Ah," said Premier Duplessis, with a broad grin. "So you want us to come to power?"

In at least 30 of Quebec's 73 ridings the Union Nationale machine was rolling with the power and

subtlety of a 70-ton tank. At Joliette, Mr. Barrette's home town, George Drew was met by a gaily decorated airplane and a parade of sound trucks. Three Rivers and Quebec greeted him with brass bands, as did half a dozen villages along his route. Cheering crowds turned out everywhere—the Drew meeting in Quebec City was much bigger than the S. Laurent meeting a few weeks before.

* * *

ALL THIS was only the visible fraction of the Union Nationale's effort; its more important functions were out of sight. As one professional Conservative remarked: "We have two great advantages down here, the party machine and the provincial police."

Police support can be invaluable on a Quebec election day. In many ridings both parties habitually do things the Election Act forbids—the dead arise to cast their votes, the absent are present. Impersonation of electors, commonly known as "telegraphing" votes, is practiced on a considerable scale.

When one party has the police on its side an odd coincidence usually develops. Of the ward heelers arrested for "telegraphing" and other misdemeanors the vast majority turn out to be workers for the opposite party.

In spite of the secret ballot, too, a good party organization has ways of buying votes. In a close poll half a dozen votes can tip the scale; judicious spending may bring one party or another the handful of votes in each polling subdivision that add up to a majority.

"In my riding," a

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At first the Liberals were scared.



On the northern air lift: uranium, whitefish, canoes, coal, gold ingots, dynamite and pianos.

Runway to the World

By PIERRE BERTON

Gallant Arctic explorers, speed-mad globe-girdlers and an air-minded people have put Edmonton in capitals on the air maps of the world



Manager Jim Bell (left) and Canadian air hero "Wop" May watch a plane come in to Edmonton.

BACK in the early 30's, when fliers still wore goggles, high polished boots and whipcord breeches, and "jet" was a dictionary word meaning a spout or nozzle, an American lawyer on a transcontinental flight spotted a green and gold Bellanca sitting on the Hudson River inscribed "Mackenzie Air Service, Edmonton." Next day in Seattle, Wash., he spotted a scarlet Fokker afloat in the bay. It was inscribed "Yukon Southern Airways, Edmonton."

This so astonished the mouthpiece that he made a special trip to Edmonton. "What kind of a town is this, anyway?" he asked.

"This is an air-minded town," they told him.

Just about this time a 14-year-old boy named David Jacox was going up for his first solo flight. He was the youngest pilot in Canada. He was from Edmonton. And soon afterward a 28-year-old stenographer named Evelyn Hudson established a new solo women's endurance record down California way. She was from Edmonton, too.

Edmonton is still an air-minded town—the most air-minded town in Canada. In Edmonton, it seems, nearly everybody reads an altimeter. Edmonton has flying prospectors, flying priests,

flying trappers, flying insurance men, flying dentists, flying fur buyers, flying politicians, flying housewives, flying grandfathers, flying moppets and flying fools.

Just the other day a Grade 11 high-school boy named Vic Horner took his father, a famous bush pilot, up for a flip from the Edmonton airport. Jack Starkey, an Edmonton coal-mine tycoon, has finally passed his third medical exam and now flies in his own plane for pleasure. Insurance man Gordon Smeltzer, another grandfather, flies his on business.

For years the blue monoplane "Santa Maria" of Bishop Joseph Gabriel Breynat, the Flying Priest, was known from Edmonton to Aklavik. Dr. Lee Dodds, an Edmonton dentist, used to fly 5,000 miles every summer around the Arctic, occasionally taking pieces of high-grade ore from miners and making a gold tooth on the spot.

J. C. F. Dalziel, the Flying Trapper, still comes into the Edmonton airport on occasion. Once he landed his Curtiss Robin with grizzly-bear claw marks on the fuselage. The bear had smelled a load of beaverskins and nearly wrecked the plane. Fred Giaque, a flying prospector, flies two planes, a Fleet Canuck and a Fox Moth, back and forth to his properties at Yellowknife.

Oil has brought in flying executives, flying geologists and even flying wildcaters: Gulf Research surveys for oil by air with radar. Bill Parkinson and Herman Eideck, two Edmonton welders, find it cheaper to commute to the Devon oil fields by plane rather than bus. Drillers faced with a "fish job" (where a part breaks 2,000 feet below surface and has to be fished up) think nothing of hopping off by plane to Wyoming to pick up the necessary tool.

Oil companies keep five or six planes and one helicopter in constant movement out of Edmonton. Consolidated Mining

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If you're scared of being travel sick don't stop your trip — stop being scared. It's often just that easy

By GEORGE W. KISKER

DO YOU GROW pale when you climb into a plane or board a ship? Do you get that "green feeling" when riding a train, bus, or even the family car? If you do you're the victim of one of the most miserable feelings known to man. The first person who muttered, "I don't care if I live or die," was probably leaning over a ship rail.

Medical studies of the problem of motion sickness in modern travel show that 80 travelers out of 100 can expect to become ill when the going gets rough. This has been confirmed by reports from

airlines, steamship companies and from navy and air force officers.

"In rough weather, particularly early in a voyage, as many as 75% of the passengers are seasick," declares Dr. Verdot, ship's surgeon for the trans-Atlantic French Line. "The rate goes up to 80 or 90% in small ships."

Even in normal seas about 15% of passengers are sick, according to Dr. Rodney A. Yoell, chief surgeon of the American President Lines.

It's much the same with air travel. During World War II, 87% of American flight instructors and 68% of air cadets were airsick at least once. Even commercial airline stewardesses sometimes become ill: more than three quarters of the girls working for one airline admit having been airsick.

Dr. David S. Evans, flight surgeon for American Overseas Airlines, says that between five and seven and a half per cent of passengers develop airsickness in normal flying conditions. Some get only a mild feeling of dizziness; others actual vomiting and prostration. These figures "increase considerably if bumpy air is encountered for more than a few minutes."

It's long been believed that airsickness, seasickness and carsickness are caused by disturbances of the inner ear, but Dr. Paul Schilder, New York City psychiatrist, has

recently added: "Your personality is every bit as important as your ears."

Many people who get motion sickness suffer from what Dr. Schilder calls a "travel neurosis." Fear, nervousness and emotional upset are at the bottom of these cases, he says. These disturbances directly affect the inner ear canals, thus setting off the motion-sickness machinery.

Dr. Schilder's theory is supported by Air Marshal Sir Harold Wittingham, of the Royal Air Force, and by Dr. Harold D. Dye, medical director of Transcontinental and Western Air.

Some people are so sensitive that the mere sight of a ship or a train makes them ill. Others become ill when they board a motionless ship at the dock. At airports passengers become ill waiting for their plane to load. A man in Atlantic City became ill while watching the waves at the end of a pier. A woman in Los Angeles became ill in a movie theatre watching a ship plow through a storm.

There's no examination which will predict accurately your resistance to motion sickness, but you can determine your "travel type" easily enough. Have you felt ill on streetcars, buses or trains? If your answer is "yes" the chances are that you'll be ill in a plane or ship. Do you enjoy Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds and roller coasters? If you do you are less likely to develop motion sickness than people who don't enjoy them.

Women are more likely to become ill than men. The very young or very old are less likely to become travel sick than middle-aged folk.

Dr. Donald Ramsdell, a U. S. Government psychologist, once flew from New York to Birmingham, Ala. Among

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DRAWING BY WINTER



The man who said, "I don't care if I live or die," was probably on a plunging ship.

HE LURED SUCCESS

By W. O. MITCHELL

COLOR PHOTO BY RICE AND BELL

**Red Edgar reels in \$100,000
a year by fooling fish.
It all began with a broom-
stick and a homemade lathe**

IN COOL POOLS, running streams and deep lakes across the land this month the fat trout lie, waiting warily to match wits with hook and worm, fly and wobbler, spoon or plug, or any of the other increasingly ingenious devices perfected by man in his seesaw battle with the fish.

Thanks to a chunkily built, red-haired inventor named Frank E. Edgar, the struggle between man and fish has become slightly more unequal—in favor of man.

Edgar, whose friends call him "Red" and sometimes "Rusty," started out carving plugs out of broomstick handles. In 22 years he has parlayed this into a half-million-dollar business—the Lucky Strike Bait Company of Peterborough, Ont.—the only firm in Canada which manufactures fishing lures from hook to swivel to nickel-plated nose cap.

Edgar has nothing to do with trout or salmon flies. He concerns himself with what the fly fisherman sneers at as "that hardware." Despite this an estimated two thirds of all Canadian fishermen prefer trolling with lures to casting with flies.

Trout are fascinated by Red Edgar's lures—whether it be a spinning spoon, an undulating wobbler, or a wiggling plug. These lures are supposed to represent a small fish or minnow. The simple spoon of copper, brass or silver plate spins ahead of a hook—sometimes feathered. The wobbler faintly represents a shoehorn with a cluster of triple hooks. The plug is a torpedo-shaped bait of wood or plastic so shaped that the pressure of the water makes it wriggle like a minnow.

One theory is that the spoon and wobbler attract game fish by gleaming like minnows in the water. The plug attracts largely by its color, often blood-red.

Some fishermen say that this is all nonsense. They hold the lures don't look like fish at all to a fish, but that the sparkle, color and shimmy of a lure merely enrages the trout so much that he strikes at it in anger.

Red Edgar has another theory: he thinks that some of the more elaborate lures are designed primarily to attract fishermen rather than fish.

Some baitmen, for example, make artificial lures containing small

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Fly fishermen sneer, "That hardware!"
But Edgar likes it — and so do fish.





Today

we Live in a Greater Canada

They Drained a Lake

to give Canada a Great
New Industry

ONE LAKE was emptied by batteries of giant pumps — another was lowered by draining from the bottom — the course of a river was completely changed — and at Steep Rock in Ontario's Rainy River District one of the richest bodies of iron ore on the continent was uncovered. Now another great source of supply to meet the increasing needs of the world's steel industry is being actively explored over a vast area in "New Quebec".

Such northern developments are spectacular but they represent only one phase of many in Canada's tremendous modern advance. Today we truly live in a Greater Canada — one with productive capacity vastly increased and diversified, offering to young Canadians greater opportunities than ever before in every field of endeavour.



The iron and steel manufacturing industry presents another spectacular example of development: productive capacity and number of employees have been doubled since before the war, striking indication of Canada's new position as one of the world's great industrial nations.

One of a series presented by

Molson's

to promote a fuller realization by Canadians of Canada's present greatness

SO MANY OPPORTUNITIES

"A sound idea and the determination to carry it through — those are sure passports to success in Canada today where there are so many interesting opportunities in so many different kinds of activity."

— says Mr. LESLIE BUTCHER,
of Windsor, Ont.



Mr. Butcher — member of Canada's 1936 Olympic basketball team — after returning from college in the U.S. and being manager of a local insurance office, started his own Butcher Enterprises. Their development provides many examples of this young Canadian's energy and enterprise. They include: a unique and successful service in the wrapping of products for shipping; and the modernization of the Windsor Arena to present outstanding sports and entertainment events with great success.



CARTOON BY GRASSICK

THE BUGS STRIKE BACK

Supertough flies are jeering at DDT, and germs are ganging up on the "wonder" drugs. But our scientists are whetting their weapons

By JOHN E. PFEIFFER

BILL PERKINS, dairy farmer of Pine Plains, New York, spent hours last summer spraying his barn with a DDT-whitewash mixture. He'd done the job carefully, paying particular attention to hanging light cords, cow stanchions and out-of-the-way corners that many amateurs pass over lightly. But, as the summer dragged on, the barn was infested with swarms of buzzing flies resting happily on walls soaked with DDT. The place was not only a public-health menace, but his prize Guernsey cows were so upset from constant tail-twitching that their daily milk output had dropped more than 25%.

Bill's neighbors in the small Dutchess County community were having similar troubles. Since DDT had performed fly-killing miracles during previous summers there seemed to be only one plausible explanation—they were getting "poor batches" of the chemical.

By the beginning of August complaints had piled up in the Fifth Avenue offices of the John Powell Company, the New York insecticide manufacturers who were supplying the area. Powell's promptly sent Dr. Gilbert Wood, one of its crack entomologists, to check up.

Dr. Wood expected his findings to fit into the usual pattern. Farmers, lulled into carelessness by past successes, often failed to spray thoroughly or use enough DDT in their mixes. A thorough inspection, however, revealed that most barns and milksheds were covered with an ample blanket of DDT. Furthermore, chemical tests indicated that the insecticide content of the walls often exceeded the public-health minimum requirement of about seven ten-thousandths of an ounce of the poison per square foot.

It began to look as if the farmers were right; the chemists had slipped up somewhere and produced a low-grade variety of DDT. Dr. Wood headed home with 3,000 flies in cheesecloth-covered jars and several loose pieces of well-sprayed wood, all taken from the Perkins barn. Testing in his own laboratories, he put one of the pieces of wood in a cage with 500 standard-bred flies, knowing that if the DDT was inferior it would fail to affect the insects. But 99 out of every 100 flies that walked across the whitewashed board died; after 24 hours only five flies still lived.

The DDT was as lethal as ever, but something was "wrong" with the Dutchess County flies. Dr. Wood had heard rumors of hardy breeds of flies and mosquitoes with an amazing resistance to DDT and other poisons, but this was first-hand evidence.

Just to clinch matters he set up six more cages each containing 500 Dutchess County flies and subjected them to deadly DDT sprays. One cage was covered with an insecticide-whitewash potion more than twice as powerful as the mix Bill Perkins had used, and a 24-hour exposure left 459 out of 500 flies intact (if DDT doesn't kill within a day it isn't likely to do much further damage). The same spray killed all but four standard flies in a "control" cage.

The case of the Pine Plains flies is the story of only one campaign in man's endless struggles against creatures that each year ruin billions of dollars worth of crops and cause millions of deaths by disease.

Canadian Flies Still Die

HAVE the insects now launched a major counter-offensive against the latest chemical weapons of man's most scientific armies? And is the mysterious resistance to DDT on the increase? It's too early yet to settle the first question, but the second one can be answered with an emphatic "yes!" Dr. Wood's results, which are going to be published in a few months, have been duplicated elsewhere. Scattered reports describe the finding of flies as hardy as the Pine Plains breed in many parts of the United

Continued on page 33

JANET'S voice nudged its way through his thoughts. "That's the last of them," she sighed. The last dish dripped in his hands, to be mechanically rubbed dry and put away with the rest. He had been watching her head, window-framed, with the softened sunset tints for a backdrop.

His fingers, fumbling blindly behind his back, only succeeded in knotting more hopelessly the strings of an apron donned earlier at her insistence. "Hey," he said. "Help me with this, will you?"

"You've been away from domesticity too long, Grant," she teased from behind him. Her fingers worked on the knotted strings.

He thought: I've been away from you too long. If he were to turn now, take her in his arms—

"There!" she said. "Let's get out of this place before we melt."

Silently he shuffled after her through the well-remembered low-ceilinged rooms, their window shades drawn against the day's heat, even darker for him because of the smoked glasses he wore. His reflection as he passed the old, scroll-framed mirror was hardly more than a blur. Like Buddy Raye in the fifth round Monday night. Dancing weaving blur, coming closer, momentarily half recognized, and then a bagful of fists being bounced off his face; and the blur again, coming out of the white glare of light flooding the ring, and the brightness exploding twice—one, two—like a million candles suddenly upflung; and the relentless, red-tinted blur once more, and blunt blows battering down the remaining life in his stomach muscles; and trains roaring around his head on a circular track; and finally the soothing feel of canvas on his writhing back—

Past the mirror's scope he unclenched his hands, which had been instinctively half raised in a defensive gesture. He followed Janet outside, to the shaded porch where her father and mother sat for the slight evening breeze. Their glance as they looked up at him was brightly attentive. It was also indirect, refusing to fasten on any part of him. It had been the same all through dinner. Now, Grant, their look seemed to say for them, we have never seen a badly beaten fighter before. We don't quite know how to act. We want you to know that we're happy to see you again. At the same time we don't want you to feel that we're staring.

"We're going into town," Janet told them.

"Everybody will be glad to see you, Grant," her father said heartily.

"My goodness, yes!" her mother chimed in, seeming relieved at finding something to say. "Somebody or other is always asking about you."

He told them he would see them later, awkwardly half backing away from the porch. Vaguely, he answered their wave as Janet's fifteen-year-old coupe fluttered along the twin ruts leading to the county road. A fellow could own a little car like that in Springton, and it was enough. It would take him out to a little fishing, or just a beer in town, or maybe to church on Sunday. A fellow could have such things without being a prize fighter and taking the beating of his life from boys like Buddy Raye—

AS THE car topped the last hill he laid an excited hand on Janet's arm. "Stop here a minute, Jan," he said. Below was Springton, nestled on the lake's shoulder, with the sun's farewell flashes of flame on windows and water. "Isn't it a picture?"

"I guess I've seen it too many times," Janet said. She glanced at him for an instant, and then she let the car roll downhill. When it had gathered enough momentum she cut in the ignition, and there was the jerk of the motor taking hold. And he remembered that in the back of his mind, when he had asked her to stop, there had been the thought of kissing her—of getting back to the way things had been before he left.

Four hundred yards from the town's main street gravel gave way to concrete. The cluster of buildings which made up

You And Nothing Else

By PAUL BARBOUR



Springton stretched in an unbroken row on each side of the street. "It's almost as if the old town had its arms outstretched to welcome a fellow back," he told her.

"You can't really feel that way after just a year."

"Why not? A year is a long time." They got out of the car. It was a long time—long enough to make for a lot of things besides homesickness. It was, for instance, three hundred and sixty-five days on any one of which Janet could have stopped waiting for him. Right now there was nothing to assure him that such a thing had not happened. Their first kiss in a year had been a flurried touch-

It hurt to find your girl loved a winner. Surely a guy could have a small car, some fishing and a girl like Janet without turning himself into a human punching bag

ILLUSTRATED BY W. BOOK

ing of lips. And he, feeling the restraint immediately, had become uncertain. Since then no moment had seemed just right for kissing her as he had kissed her before he left, and as he had pictured himself kissing her after he decided to return. And he wondered if she had been hesitant because of the dark glasses under which his eyes were still puffed half shut; or because his arrival had been so completely unexpected; or because of the other thing which could have happened on any one of the three hundred and sixty-five days.

He did not want to think about that last part. As he led her into the cool mustiness of Darce's Drugstore he welcomed the familiar objects which telescoped time and gave him a feeling of not having been absent long. There were the same deer antlers on the walls; even Darce behind the counter—nothing changed.

"Well, well, Grant!" Darce's red, meaty hand was extended over the counter. "Why the disguise? You forget to duck in your last fight?"

"We enter the Stork Club," Janet murmured. "Billingsley himself greets us with enthusiasm and a bright remark."

"Nice to see you, Darce," Grant said. "Nice to see the place the way it always was."

"Yep, it's the same old place," Darce agreed. "Can't expect us to change very much."

"It's in the county constitution," Janet said without smiling.

Darce laughed, the way one laughs for sociability's sake even when the exact point of a joke eludes him.

Janet said she would have a soda. Grant ordered a milk shake.

"It's on the house," Darce said. "Who was this fellow you forgot to duck, Grant?"

"Buddy Raye."

"Never heard of him. You lost the fight before that too, didn't you?"

"And the one before that," Grant said wryly.

"Tough luck."

"They were just better boys." His sidewise glance took in Janet, covertly studying him. He knew that because of the dark glasses she was not aware of his eyes upon her. It gave him a guilty feeling—like inadvertently finding himself a Peeping Tom. He faced her more squarely, so that she would know he was looking at her. Instantly, her uncertain, measuring expression was curtained by a smile.

There was a slap on his back which made him wince, and someone saying, "Hi, Grant!"

He turned on his stool. "Oh, hello, Wilkie. Nice to see you."

"Saw you coming in," Wilkie said. "Figured: There's the story to fill the blank space on the front page."

"Still the reporter, huh?"

"He's a regular Winchell," Janet intoned.

Wilkie smiled. "I'm the editor too, now. Old McHenry quit."

"That's fine."

Wilkie hauled his slight, bony body atop a stool. Taking out his glasses he polished them thoroughly. He located a stub of pencil in one pocket and a many-folded sheet of paper in another. "How long are you going to be with us, Grant?"

"I—really don't know."

"Short vacation before returning to the ring wars," Wilkie mumbled half to himself, his cramped handwriting crawling across the paper.

"But—" How to tell Wilkie that he wanted no more of that, that he had taken one beating too many. Wilkie would be the logical one to let know—it would save him from explaining it personally to everyone in town.

Wilkie's blue, washed-out eyes peered over the glasses. "Looks like you just got through a hard fight."

"You can quote me on that."

"But you won."

"Do I look like the winner?"

"Hmm. Well, I'll bet you left the other fellow in pretty bad shape too. I'll just say you got a bad break on the decision."

"It wasn't like that at all," Grant protested. *Continued on page 30*



In the clinch Symes found him with a hard, low punch.

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Grant
page 30

CAREER GIRL WITHOUT CLOTHES

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

By MCKENZIE PORTER

With amused contempt for people who think nude models are wanton, Helen Gaskin follows her unusual career of inspiring young artists



A striking girl . . . but no Venus. "The real artists want the truth," says frank Helen.

IN TORONTO THE GOOD 25-year-old Helen Gaskin earns her living posing nude before mixed classes of art students and professional painters.

When she first went to Toronto from more sophisticated Montreal just under two years ago she was frank about her job. Nowadays she is more evasive. She has found that the average Torontonians react to a life model in two sharp ways: the men leer and come closer; the women tilt their noses and back away.

Helen says, with a twinkle in her eye, that people outside the art world seem to associate her with those old penny peep shows called "Artists and Models," "What the Butler Saw." Landladies in particular are apt to recoil from her request for rooms. One landlady took her in without investigation, discovered her semisecret, then pointed sternly to the garden gate.

So many people think Helen spends most of her time drinking absinthe or dancing with a rose in her teeth at five-day parties that when the talk

turns to employment she generally says she works in a store or an office.

It is not because she is ashamed of her job. On the contrary, she is proud of it. But she says that keeping ordinary folk in ignorance of her calling simplifies her public relations.

At the Ontario College of Art on Toronto's Dundas Street, where Helen Gaskin makes most of her money, life models are cherished like the masterpieces in the adjoining galleries. Girls who will pose in costume are plentiful, but those who will pose naked for anatomical sketching are as few as the jokes in Karl Marx's "*Das Kapital*."

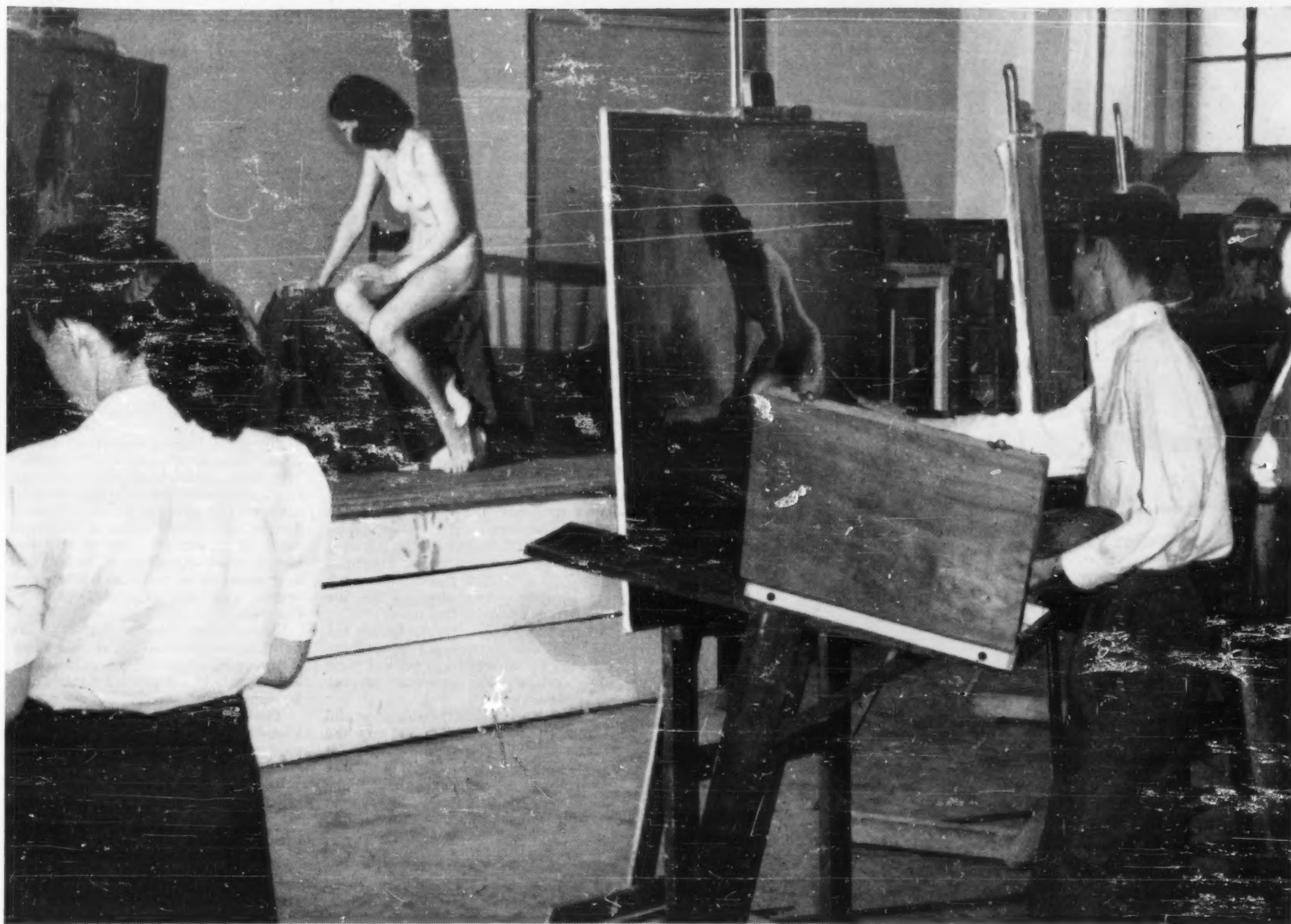
Only five other girls provide OCA students with an alternative nude figure. Three of these are married. All of them model only part time. Helen is the only model in Toronto who makes a full-time job of life classes.

Mary Pettigrew, the grey-haired OCA executive who engages the models, protects them from outsiders. When I was trying to contact Helen Gaskin a suspicious smoke screen was immediately thrown up.

Later, when honest intent was proved, Mary Pettigrew explained: "We sometimes get queer



Every 20 minutes a rest. Toronto artist R. York Wilson, sketching Helen in charcoal in his studio, discusses his current attempt to capture her exotic lines. She works hard for mood.



Ontario's College of Art treasures Helen's expert services. And she gets \$1.25 an hour.

men trying to get the models' telephone numbers. They pretend to be artists. We have to be extremely careful."

Helen Gaskin is a striking but not an obviously pretty girl. More than one artist, however, has perceived great beauty, the reflection of a volatile and mercurial personality, flickering in her strange dark face. She is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, yet weighs only 115 lbs. Her bust is 32, waist 22, and hips 34. Most people would call her thin, but she has small bones and is not angular.

Her hair is shiny black, falling thickly and stiffly to her shoulders. She has huge liquid grey eyes and a ripe mouth which she dims with purplish lipstick. Her nose is Greek at the bridge but dilated and sensitive in the nostrils.

She has a wide dazzling smile somewhat marred by a gold front filling and a few strong hairs on the point of her chin. Helen's walk is almost a stalk.

She wears simple black suits for economy but shows a barbaric flair in little flamboyant hats like men's peaked caps. In one of these the peak almost touches the bridge of her nose and suggests a Guards officer in profile.

Her exotic appearance hints at Indian blood, but she says she is of English descent with three eighths of Spanish blood through her father.

"I know I'm not pretty," she says, "and I'll never be a Venus de Milo. You don't have to be, either, to be a life model. Real artists want the truth about women, not glossy illustrations. Some models are dumpy and some are lanky like me. It takes all kinds to make a world and artists need plenty of change."

When she is walking down the corridor of the

College of Art she sees so many different interpretations of her form and character in pencil, crayon and oils hanging on the walls that sometimes she wonders whether she is really a living ensemble of all the great-grandchildren of both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

She poses for several hours each day at the OCA—it varies according to curriculum and schedule—and she tours the four Toronto technical schools where art classes are held. At these last, however, she wears bare midriff bathing suits or "slave girl" costumes because the Board of Education has decreed that teen-age students are too young to see a woman in "the altogether."

Occasionally she is called into an advertising agency during an evening so that commercial artist employees used to drawing women's legs at least six inches longer than is natural and giving them waists with the circumference of a giraffe's neck can refresh themselves on the uncommercial truth. From time to time she poses for a private artist in his studio.

Wherever she works the pay is the same—\$1.25 an hour. She keeps a little black book for her engagements. Usually she has about eight weeks' work in hand. Some weeks are so full that she earns about \$60. Last year she averaged \$40 a week, including holidays.

Helen thinks it is a sad commentary on life today that, in comparison, fashion models posing before cameras for advertisements can earn up to \$7 an hour and lingerie models sometimes \$10. There is also a vague social grading observed by

models. The high-fashion models, though not always the best paid, are the aristocrats, the lingerie models the middle class, the tooth-paste and floor-polish models the working class, while Helen and her unclad kind are regarded as the untouchables.

This makes Helen, who is an intelligent and uninhibited girl, fill with an amused contempt. Here she is, contributing to fine art, showing off the beautiful lines and shadows of the untrammelled female form, possibly inspiring some future Gauguin or Velasquez, all for \$1.25 an hour, while other girls, posing in sexy hosiery merely to catch a customer's eye, get six times as much and regard themselves as her social superior. Helen and her life-model colleagues call the others "clothes-horses."

But don't assume she's munching sour grapes. Helen admits she would like to be a high-fashion model if she had the orthodox good looks required. She doesn't blame girls for ignoring the life classes when they can earn so much more money filling bras and girdles. But she wishes they wouldn't be so stuffy.

About half the students who draw Helen at the Ontario College of Art are going into commercial and industrial design. The other half hope for fame as painters. Some go on to the Sorbonne in Paris and the Slade in London. Life classes are essential to both groups.

Unless they can draw many types of human figure nude they certainly cannot draw them clothed. Artists painting a man or a woman even for a Salvation Army ad must first draw the outlines of the naked figure. When they have got it right they then hang

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Continued on next page



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that count

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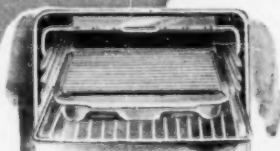
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Has special reflector plate to distribute heat evenly. Adjustable for low or high speed. Deep, smokeless-type broiler pan when reversed becomes a roasting utensil.

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of Canada, Limited, LEASIDE, ONTARIO

Continued from preceding page
on the clothes which drape themselves naturally over the body contours.

Without plenty of sketches taken from nude life models in various positions even the best of artists are inclined to produce a wooden drawing. Such is the shortage of models that good business is done by art supply shops selling little flexible figurines which can be adjusted to various positions like crouching, kneeling or sitting. But these do not compare in the average artist's view with the living model's flesh tints, muscle outlines and bone structure.

Helen Knows Her Pose

The rooms in which Helen works are ordinary-sized classrooms, but they are splashed liberally with paint and plaster and it is impossible to see clearly from one end to the other for high easels standing almost as close as pine trees.

At 9 o'clock on a typical morning Helen undresses in an adjoining dressing room and emerges naked with a smock over her arm and a big pocket watch in her hand. She then steps up onto a dais and drapes her smock over one of the big cubes, cones or pyramids surrounding it. She places the watch in a position where she can see the time without turning her head.

She makes a few twirls before the class and sets a pose. The students begin to squint out from behind their easels rather like squirrels peeping round trees.

At one time the art master would suggest a pose to Helen. But now she is such an old hand at the game that she devises her own. She has a large repertoire of different poses which she has developed through experience of knowing what students want. George

Pepper, director of fine arts at the college, says: "She has a strong sense of grace and a knowledge of technique in art. Unless we want something very special we leave the pose to her."

Some of her positions are natural everyday molds such as relaxing in the prone position, stooping to pick a flower, sweeping a floor or leaning against a mantelpiece.

Others for the purpose of anatomical detail involve stretchings and twistings and various acute angles of the body so that students will see how abdominal muscles flex themselves and how bones, tendons and flesh alter in outline, color and shadow under different stresses.

Then Helen has a number of routine classical postures like standing with her arms looped over her head, ballet-wise, or sitting demurely with her ankles tucked up under her as if watching her reflection in a stream.

The fourth type is abstract poses designed to inspire the artist with a given mood such as hate, joy, passion, love, or despair. These call for originality, considerable emotion and demand some of the qualities of an actress or dancer without affording a theatrical range of movement. For at all times Helen must stand as if frozen and movement by so much as half an inch brings murmurs of complaint from the class.

Thus Helen Gaskin, for \$1.25 an hour, must combine an artistic sensitivity with great physical stamina. She must hold a pose for a minimum of 20 minutes. That's tough. Try it.

The shapes into which she must knead herself and hold make her a bit of a yogi. "The harder I work at it," she says, "the deeper the sort of trance into which I go. Once in a lying position, however, I fell asleep

Continued on page 28

JASPER

By Simpkins



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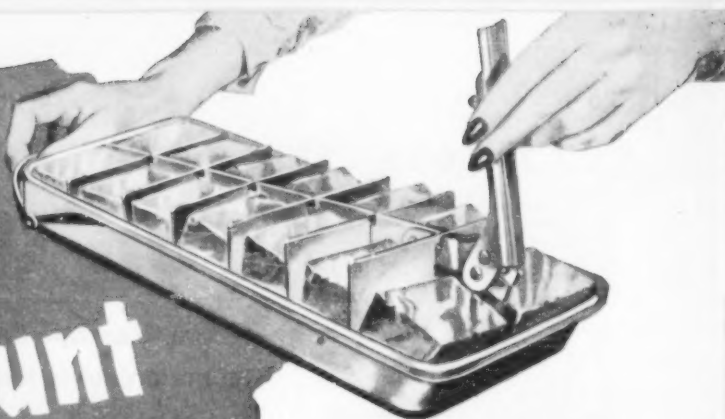
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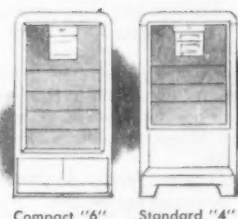
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Be sure of the features that count



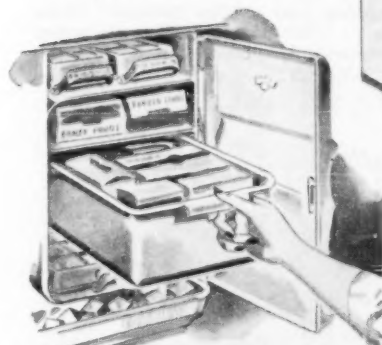
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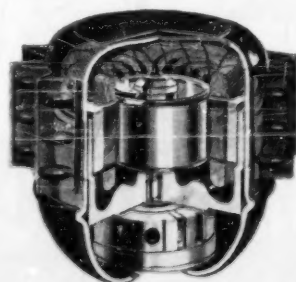
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Fun Under the Sun

Want to escape the steaming city, eh? Well, pack up the family, come on out to the beach, and dip your feet in the nice hot sand

By ERIC NICOL

OKAY, we'll park here. Everybody out."

Man, is that water ever going to feel good! And what a day for a swim! Not a cloud in the sky. Nothing but gnats. Be glad to get out of these sticky clothes, by George.

"Help your mother with the picnic basket, kids. Don't let her carry that big basket all by herself."

Wonder if I should cover the tires? Let's see, the sun will be behind that tree in about an hour... Naw, they'll be all right. Hardly any air in them, anyhow.

"No, Roger, you can't put on your bathing suit yet. Helen, for heaven's sake make him put his pants back on. Roberta, take the picnic basket while Mother fixes Roger's pants."

What's that sign say? *No Parking Between Signs*. Where's the other one? Only one sign. Like to catch the clown in the police department who puts up one sign saying *No Parking Between Signs*. Nuts, they can't tag me on a Sunday. Driveway obviously hasn't been used for years.

"Roger, come back here! Roberta, help take care of Roger. Do you want him to drown? Oh, well, your mother and I don't, so go grab his arm."

Suffering codfish, look at the mob on the beach. Must be sand here someplace. Ugh, what a mess of human flesh! Lot to be said for clothes.

"Helen, look under that potato-chip box and see if we're on the sand yet. We are?... What do you mean I should have made a reservation? We'll find a spot. See, that fat man's getting up to go home. Well, he's thinking about it. Roberta, take Roger over

and let him kick sand at the fat man. That's a good girl."

If I don't get these clothes off pretty soon I'll be a baked apple. Crazy to come to the beach on Sunday afternoon anyhow. Helen's fault. Never made one objection when I suggested it. Only time she ever argues is when I suggest something good.

"Nice work, Roberta. We'll put the picnic basket down here. CUT THAT OUT, Roger. Now you've got sand in the wieners. Oh, for heaven's sake, make him quit bawling, Helen. Roberta, stop wrapping Roger's leash around his throat."

A Fig for Cramps

Lord, this is the sort of thing that makes me feel lower middle class. Have to stop staring at that girl in the two-piece bathing suit, too. Helen's noticed. Helen always notices. Beats me how a woman who can't see 10-foot garage doors when she's driving all of a sudden gets eyes like a mosquito hawk.

"Hey, are we going to eat already?... I don't care if the sausage rolls will get cold, Helen, I want to swim. You have to wait an hour after eating, two hours after sausage rolls, before you can swim or you get cramps... All right, all right, so I don't swim, I only paddle. I could get cramps in my

feet, couldn't I? Great Caesar!"

Take a sausage roll or you'll never hear the end of it. Take two, just to keep her quiet. Thank heaven she makes good sausage rolls. Wonder if that girl in the two-piecer can cook. Probably not. Doesn't need to. Wonder if she knows that thing's come untied at the back. Hope—

"Roberta, take that dog back where you found it. Get him away! He's got his foot in the mustard. Beat it, you ugly brute."

Oh-oh, he belongs to the girl in the two-piecer. She's rolled over. She's looking this way through the dark glasses. Can't tell whether she's looking at me or the dog.

"Ha, ha, nice pup. Run along, boy. Here's a sausage roll. That's a good dog, ha, ha."

She's rolled back. Never even smiled. Helen isn't smiling either. Here it comes.

"No, dear, I don't want to play with the dog. I just wanted to get rid of him... Staring! Just because I happen to glance at a girl you say I'm staring... No, I don't care if the dog does get cramps from the sausage roll. Now let's forget it."

Always like this. If there's anything I hate it's sarcasm, so I marry a woman that's loaded with it. No good letting her think it stings, though. Just get up and walk with dignity into the

surf. Like Joan Crawford in that movie.

"Please pass me my swimming trunks... What do you mean I have them on under my pants? I know what I have on under my pants. You were supposed to bring my trunks with the towels... Oh, fine! Yes, sir, that's just dandy. All the way to the beach and no trunks. What did you expect me to swim in—a sausage roll?... No, Roberta, you can't cover Daddy with sand. What have you done with Roger? You don't know where he is! You've lost Roger?"

That does it. That's all we needed.

"No, Helen, don't get excited. No, he couldn't have drowned. In this crowd he couldn't get close enough to the water. Sure, sure, I'll look for him. OH, ROGER!"

Everybody staring at me. Probably fifty thousand Rogers on this beach, all wondering what I want. Great big black hairy Roger over there. Feel like an awful ass.

"OH, ROGER! What do you want, Helen? I'm doing my best... Oh. Sitting right behind us all the time, was he? Come here, Roger. Now what's the idea of scaring your mother like that? Oh, for heaven's sake. Make him quit bawling, Helen. Roberta, get that dog out of here!"

Sand flea crawling up my leg. Can't get at him here, the dirty coward. Had enough anyway.

"Listen, everybody, we're going home. Follow Daddy to the car." Let her look after them. Mother's job.

Mm, car's still here. Whoof, like stepping into a blast furnace. Open the... What's this? You are hereby summoned to appear...

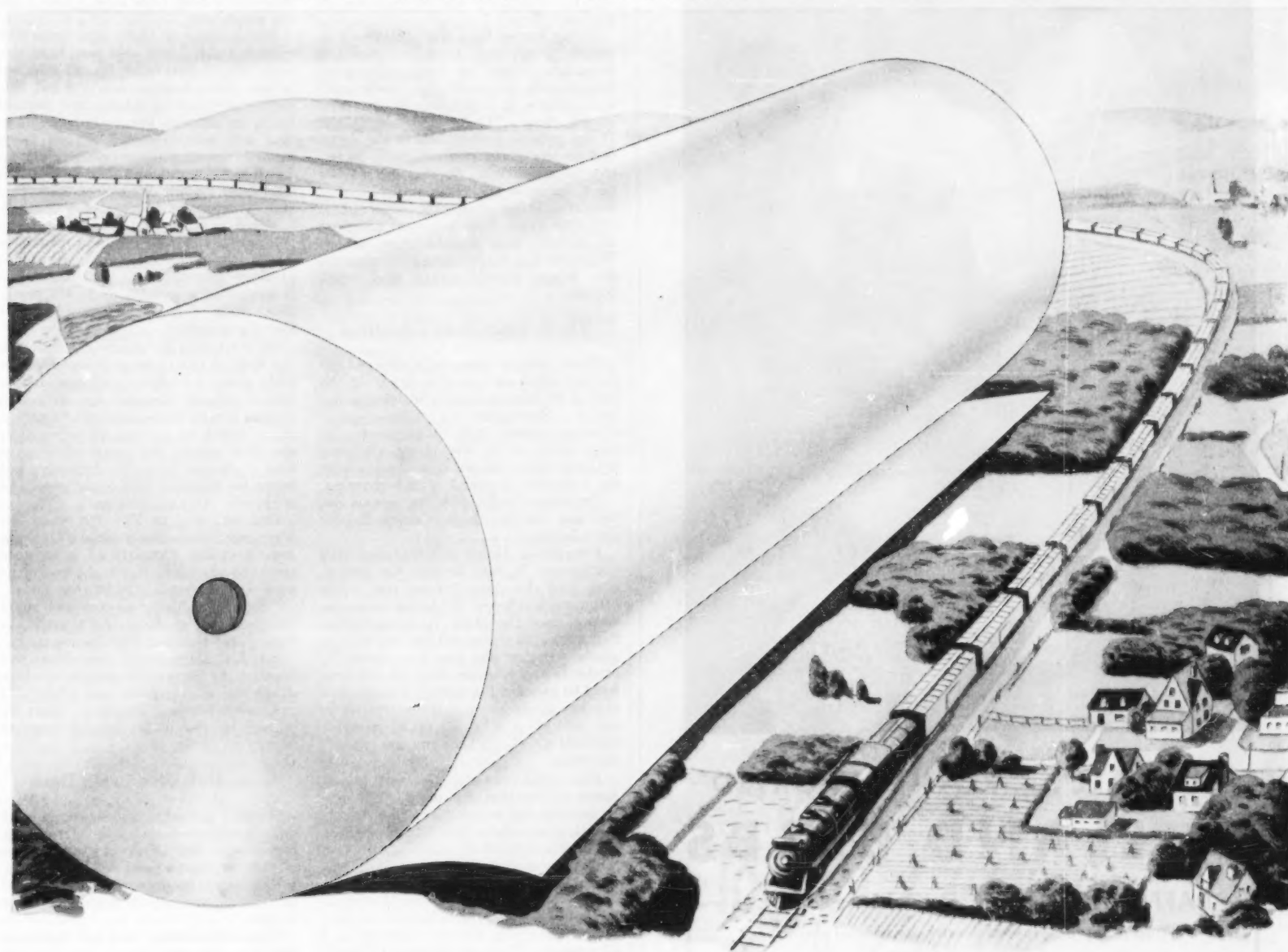
"HELEN!" ★



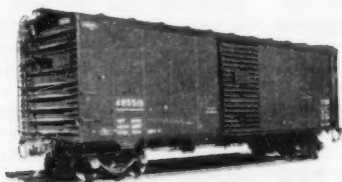
What a mess of human flesh.
Must be sand here somewhere.

CARTOON BY NORRIS

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Continued from page 24
and the instructor had to wake me up and say 'Rest!' "

Helen knows from the class she is in which particular type of pose is required. After a few preliminary movements she suddenly "feels one" and strikes it. Holding it she says to the class: "Is the pose all right?" If she gets no answer she is not satisfied as one of the students may be too shy to speak up. So she breaks the pose, turns to the class and addresses directly three students, each at a different angle from her. "Is the pose all right?" she repeats three times. When she has three affirmative answers she poses herself again and work begins.

The Regency Sans Crinolines

From time to time she glances at her pocket watch on a nearby cube. At the end of 20 minutes she is entitled to her break. Sometimes she retires to her dressing room, but more often she just rests where she is on the dais while students go out into the corridor for a smoke or stand round chatting.

Occasionally she puts her smock on, but not always. It just depends how she's feeling.

Frequently Helen will dispense with her break. It may be that the pose is easy and she doesn't need one. But often she will forget the break when she senses that the class is appreciating her work. She can tell by the atmosphere whether she has impressed the students and whether they are working hard to capture the cast and expression she has given them. When this is so she will go a solid 40 or 50 minutes without a rest. "I keep my own time," she says.

Early this year students were taking a two-hour period of poses calculated to fit in style and mood a series of designs for Regency furniture. Each of the poses was to be of 10 minutes' duration for lightning sketches.

Helen thought of all the paintings of the Regency period she could remember and went to the museum to do a bit of research among pottery and silverware. Then she practiced a series of those odd, pert stances the women of those days seemed to adopt.

She stepped onto the dais, devoid of costume or other aids, and registered the Regency motif with her body alone. The subdued "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" from the class thrilled her. She knew she had rung the bell first time.

At the end of 10 minutes she went into a second pose without a rest. Again the class enthused and began to sketch quickly. She struck her third pose without interval and glowed as the students smiled and nodded their appreciation of her exact interpretation of their need. She went on without rest for an hour and 50 minutes.

The class was so intense in the work and so silent she could hear them breathing and hear the swish of the pencils over the paper. Every single posture was so heavily charged with the Regency theme that the class almost broke into cheers at the end of the session.

"I almost fainted with exhaustion," she says, "but that's where you get the bang out of this business. When my poses hit them I'll work like crazy. When I don't move them I lose heart and laze."

Helen is touchy about suggested poses. She also has a hot temper and a sharp tongue. On one occasion when a technical-school class tired of waiting for a tardy teacher they decided to go ahead without him. One boy shouted to another: "Hi, Joe, give the model a pose."

Helen turned on him and snapped:

"Listen, sonny boy, I've been in this business a long time now. And I set the poses here."

She refuses to take up poses she cannot hold. She will not hold her arms above her head for 20 minutes unless the fingers are twined for mutual support or she can rest part of her arms against her scalp or temple. She will not stretch out her arms forward for 20 minutes unless there is a fine line for her to hang onto. Nor will she stand on one leg unless there is a stool to support the toe of the other.

When people ask Helen doesn't she feel embarrassed standing in front of a mixed class with nothing on she smiles at them pityingly, for she thinks this is a sign of a squalid or feeble mind. The nude form, she says, is not exciting sexually.

Nevertheless she reacts angrily when she feels in the class an interest in her body which is not purely artistic. In one school outside Ontario she noticed a certain janitor remained in the room on the pretense of picking up paper after she had taken her pose. She gave him a chance to retire decently, but when he lingered broke her pose and snapped: "Get out of here!"

One hot day in Toronto when she was posing nude she noticed a stranger gaping at her through an open door from the corridor. Again she broke the pose and shouted: "Shut that door!"

"Only one thing makes me more furious than a dirty old man," she says, "and that's a dirty young man."

She has a horror of open doors not because she fears spectators as much as draughts. She catches cold easily. "I can't afford colds," she says. "Just try posing in the nude with a running nose."

Some Male Models Are Husky

There are male models, too, in art schools. Some are slightly effeminate, Helen says, but others are husky guys posing to supplement their incomes. While female models are entirely naked in life classes, male models wear a strap.

One male model told her seriously one day that he always removed his wrist watch as wearing it spoiled his pose. She is mildly affectionate toward another male model who is 50 but has the physique of a young man.

"He is really an old darling," she says. "So keen on his work and so proud of his figure. But before he can pose he has to build up his own atmosphere. I remember once seeing him try to set the pose of a fisherman hauling in nets. He started swaying and heaving himself about, but he had to sing a verse of 'The Volga Boat Song' before he was satisfied."

Fred S. Haines, principal of the Ontario College of Art, says Helen Gaskin is one of the best models the school has ever had. He says nude models are increasingly hard to find, but he sympathizes with girls who refuse to do the work.

"It is not because Ontario is particularly priggish," he says. "The people here are much like those in any other community. And, anyhow, the costume model serves a valuable purpose."

Haines thought highly of one costume model who served the school for many years. She was an exquisite needlewoman and provided herself with a wide variety of costumes. She would figure one day as a nun, another as a Spanish dancer, again as a Japanese geisha, always in authentic garb. She was in great demand by students whose color appetite she whetted.

Another of Haines' models left to get married, then fell on hard times. Haines met her in the street one day with her baby in her arms. She asked

him if she could return to modeling when her baby was old enough to be left with others. He said: "Why not come back now—with your baby?"

Mother and child posed nude for many months until family financial problems were solved. Haines says they stimulated some very beautiful work. Mary Hyrchenuk, a girl from Northern Ontario who's now painting in New York, specializing in child subjects, got her first exercises in child life through drawing this baby.

"I wish we had a mother and child today," says Haines. "It is a most inspiring combination."

Haines says one successful Canadian woman commercial artist posed as a model at his school for years before deciding to take art lessons herself.

No Boy Friends in the Class

"There's an odd idea about," he says, "that models are raffish people. I have always found them to be quite superior." He adds: "In 17 years at this school I can think of only one unfortunate incident between a model and a student. And I found the whole thing was a silly misunderstanding due to her mistaking his words."

Haines does not encourage models and students to mix socially. Models attend school dances, of course, and chat with students in the coffee room, but there is an understanding they don't form deeper associations. "The only reason for this," says Haines, "is preservation of discipline in the class."

Helen Gaskin agrees with her principal. "I don't think I could pose comfortably if one of the students in the class was my boy friend," she says.

Helen became a model by chance. She was born near Point St. Charles, Montreal. Her father was, and still is, a laborer. She has two sisters, both stenographers, and two brothers, one a clerk and the other a laborer. She was brought up in a five-room house, and until she left Montreal had to share a small bedroom with two sisters.

She left Strathearn High School, Montreal, when she was 16. She says she knew nothing of art, music or literature and had a terrible inferiority complex.

Her first job was working behind the candy counter in a restaurant. She was then gawky, but after three years she developed grace and thought of fashion modeling. She landed a job as a coat and suit model in the warehouse of a garment manufacturer. But she never got into the limelight on the fashion-show runways or broke into the commercial photographers' advertisement studios.

When Helen was 19 her hairdresser, who was taking art lessons, said: "You have a most remarkable head. It's unusual and full of character. Would you mind if I mentioned you to my art master?"

A week later Helen's powerful, tawny features were on show to students of Sheriff Scott, the Montreal portrait painter, for 75 cents an hour. Scott recommended her to a man called Clark Hope, who was making mannequins for store windows.

It shook Helen a bit when Hope asked her if she would mind showing him her figure. She posed nude for the first time before the mannequin sculptors.

Within a few months she was working in the evenings and at week ends for classes run by Montreal artists. She got \$1.50 for two hours' work. Artist David Maurice called her in to pose in his studio. Word of her qualities began circulating among Quebec art groups.

Montreal sculptor H. Macrae Miller saw a certain smoldering loveliness in

the curious fusion of coarse and delicate features beneath Helen's black hair. He fashioned a bronze head of her which was exhibited at the annual spring show of the Montreal Art Association three years ago and was much admired by the Governor-General, Viscount Alexander, himself a painter and no mean judge of talent. The head is at present touring the Dominion in an exhibition of Canadian artists' work.

Helen fell in love with the struggling little art world of Canada. "Artists are sincere, friendly, generous and gay," she says. "They are always helping each other out. When you have artists for friends you have security. Mixing with artists and posing for them I lost my inferiority complex."

She gave up her job in the warehouse for full-time life modeling, averaging \$35 a week.

In September, 1946, she had \$600 and a hankering for strange places. She would have liked to go to London or Paris but figured she didn't have enough capital to take that chance. So she went to Mexico City, armed with introductions to the great painter Rivera. Within a week she found that if she wanted to model professionally in Mexico she would have to live on Mexican standards, and Mexican foods made her come out in hives. And she couldn't afford the kind of accommodation which she considered an absolute minimum for decency and privacy.

She loved Mexico and she liked the people she met down there. But she couldn't afford to stay more than three months.

Returning to Montreal she found that her big need was a place of her own. So she came to Toronto in the fall of 1947. She modeled for George Pepper in his studio, for William Winter who does covers for Maclean's Magazine, Fred Varley and Estelle Kerr. She got started through Pepper at the OCA and then branched out to the technical schools.

She Gets on Well with Wives

Helen pays \$8 a week rent for a Spartan-but clean room in a six-room house on a trim avenue in east-end Toronto. She has at last found a landlady whose knowledge of the arts is not limited to tales of what her husband saw in "La Vie Parisienne." Even so, any boy friends she entertains must be gone by 10 o'clock.

She likes entertaining, and has three close girl friends, a store clerk, a telephone operator and the forewoman of a factory. A number of married couples also exchange visits with her. "I get on quite well with wives," she says.

She has two fairly regular boy friends in Toronto, one of whom is an artist and the other a salesman. In Montreal she has two more—an artist and an accountant. "One type balances up the other," she says.

"I've never felt the urge to go steady with anyone," she says. "You see I don't mind being alone. I feel sorry for some girls who get depressed unless they succeed in being dated up every night."

For seven years now Helen Gaskin has been an artists' model and she figures on at least another seven years in the same business. At first she used to be worried by the frowns of some Torontonians, whom, she says, are much more narrow-minded than Montrealers. But now she just ignores them as amusing demonstrations of priggishness.

As for the orgies in which artists are reputed to engage with their models, Helen says: "Show me one. I might be missing something." ★

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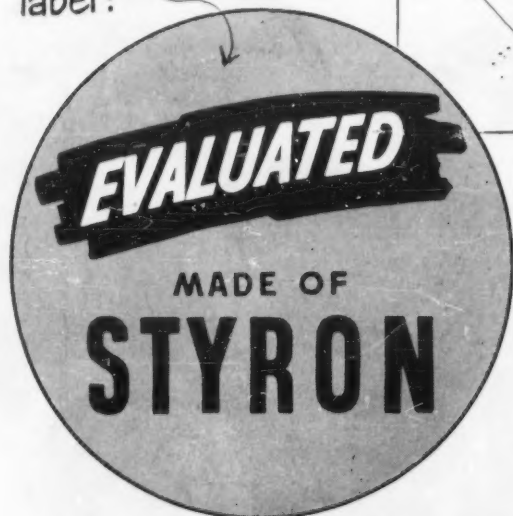
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You and Nothing Else

Continued from page 20

"I was knocked out!" He got the impression that Janet caught her breath, but when he turned to her she was staring fixedly into her drink. That was one of the things he had wanted to tell her when they were alone, but there had been no time.

"I guess we just won't mention it then," Wilkie was saying. "How many fights have you won now?"

"Seven. Seven wins. I lost ten."

"In the short time he has been fighting, Grant has amassed seven victories," he murmured, writing it down.

"And ten losses—don't forget that."

"We won't mention the losses."

"Are you a reporter or a press agent?"

"But you're a local boy, Grant. Everyone likes to see a local boy make good."

"This time you have the wrong local boy."

"Aw, you'll even things up," Wilkie told him soothingly. "Just win the next one and you'll forget—"

"There isn't going to be any next one—I'm through!" The jagged words which came seemingly of themselves, perhaps because he had gone over this moment so often in his mind, were not the ones he had intended using. Nor was the audience right. All the mental rehearsing had been for Janet alone.

"You mean you're actually quitting, for good?"

Wilkie's fumbling incredulity was an irritant that brought out another rush of words. "Right!" he said. "You know what I've been in my last three fights? A punching bag, that's what. A punching bag ducking all over the ring, and once in a while trading one for three or four."

"But as you learn more—" Wilkie put in mildly.

"Sure, you learn more," he agreed wearily. "And so does the next guy. These last three boys I met had more than I'll ever have. Still, I'll bet not one of them really gets anywhere. So where does that leave me, except maybe hanging on the ropes?"

No one said anything for a moment. The only sound to be heard was the scrape of Wilkie's pencil as he drew aimless whorls over the notes he had made. Then Darce broke the spell. "Grant's right," he said, his tone brooking no argument. "Plenty of ex-fighters going around with bells in their heads because they didn't have sense enough to quit."

"I don't say he's wrong," Wilkie declared. "I guess if a man sees he isn't getting anywhere why—" He shrugged, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Grant waited for some word from Janet. She said nothing, and he did not know whether that was better or worse.

Janet slid silently from the high, leather-covered stool, and he followed close behind her. She was already out of the door, and he was just walking through it, when Darce called after him. "How about some trout Sunday? They're getting a few off the bottom at March Lake."

"This won't take a minute," he told Janet.

"I'll wait in the car," she said. He walked back to the counter.

After they had agreed on the starting time, Darce said to him: "You know, I'm glad you're around again." He grinned. "Besides you being another customer, which never hurts, I'm glad."

"Sure, I know," he answered gently. "Well—Janet's waiting. I'll see you around, huh?"

"Don't forget, five o'clock," Darce called after him.

OUTSIDE there was the half light of dusk, and the sound of crickets, the headlights of a car coming into town, and the store windows along the main street, their lights aglow. And there was the lake near the edge of the town, its shimmer new-lost to darkness, and the smell of hay in the air. It made him want to open his arms and embrace it all. He understood now how he could have been so sharply haunted by memories, especially after the last fight as he lay in the darkened hotel room with the sting of stitches above his gashed eye and the tired ache in his ribs. "Let's take a look at the beach," he said to Janet.

They drove the short distance in silence, and stopped again. The motor quit its whispered cough. They became part of the evening hush enveloping the lake.

"Jan, I—I wanted to tell you," he began. "All of it, before anyone else."

Her words were slow in coming, as if fighting their way through deep thought. "It doesn't matter," she said.

"You're sure?"

"Yes, Grant—sure."

"I can't get over the feeling that I've let you—let us both, down. I was going to do such great things. The only wonderful dream left is you."

"I'm not wonderful, either." She paused, then went on tentatively.

"Grant—"

"Yes?"

"Let's not rush things. Do you mind—if we give ourselves a little time?"

Once again he felt himself pulled inward, the way he had felt earlier that day, following their first kiss of greeting. Time for what? That was what he wanted to ask her. Instead he said, lightly and fast, "Mind? No, of course not. We have all the time in the world."

At her home he waited until the screen door closed softly between them, and then he turned away and started the mile walk home along the country road. It was a moonless night, and he made his way partly by starlight and partly by the feel of the road's gravel underfoot. As he approached each farmhouse the dog on the place barked, and the barking continued, sounding more mournful than angry in the night silence, until the next dog on the next farm took it up—like sentries passing on the warning from one post to the next when they are uncertain about someone or something in their midst. Everyone and everything was uncertain—himself, Janet—

THE sound of the family moving about downstairs woke him in the morning. In the kitchen he found his father and young brother at breakfast. "Hey, Grant, you going to help us with the hay?" his brother asked.

"Donnie!" his mother cut in.

"You take it easy for a few days, Grant," said his father.

"I'm all right, Pa. I'll give you a hand—the work will do me good." He said it more to convince his father than because he believed it.

He began to believe that same day that the work was something he needed, and he believed it more in the days which followed. For one thing it left him less time to worry about his standing with Janet. And, too, as the days passed his body began to respond more surely, without the sore stiffness which had been there at first. In a week his glasses were discarded and with them went the last bit of awkward deference from his family. More than ever it felt good to be back. If he

could straighten things out with Janet—then everything would be perfect.

Donnie had gotten in the habit of waking him up every morning. This morning he did it with more breathlessness than usual. "Today's the day, Grant!" he said after shaking him awake.

"What day?"

"The summer carnival—it starts today. And there's a prize fighter!"

"Oh, Grant—not the carnival!" Janet said when he asked her to go with him. "Year after year it's the same thing—the hula girl, trained dogs, high diver. I've seen them all so many times."

"I've done everything your way, Jan. Do this one thing, for me."

She gave in then and the first hurdle was cleared. But there were others, and the thought of them kept nagging at his mind. What if the whole thing disgusted her—if instead of his planned healthy shock she felt only that he had resorted to a cheap trick? Or—not too fantastic a thought—what if she actually liked the whole thing? He had seen women at the fights, shouting as lustily as their men.

He did not know the answer to that one. All he knew was that he loved Janet enough—if that was what she wanted, if she could stand it, maybe he could stand some more of it too.

Vetoing the use of her car for the drive to Midan he borrowed his father's pickup truck. He felt urgently that he had to take hold somewhere, to break up the attitude of unquestioning acceptance to which he had adhered since his return. For better or worse he was going to run this one show.

The crowd at the carnival was large. After a few minutes of walking through it Janet caught some of its spirit, linked her arm through his. "Your fortune, Miss?" a sharp-featured, henna-haired woman in gypsy costume asked as they passed her booth.

"Go on—let her tell you all about your future," he urged.

"If anything they've told me ever came true—" Janet said. But she stepped smilingly into the small booth.

He waited outside until she was seated and the fortuneteller began placing her cards, one by one, on a folding table. Then he hurried away to the other side of the midway. A barker with a thin, reedlike cane was there, shouting that Kid Symes would take on all opponents. Hurrying back he arrived at the fortuneteller's booth as Janet was coming out. He said, "Well, did she say you'd take a long journey?" and instantly regretted his thoughtless words.

"No," Janet said soberly, "she didn't."

"Of course you said yourself that they never guess right." No, that wasn't good either. In trying to square his having been a fool he was making himself out a bigger one. He abandoned the tack, afraid that it would take an even worse turn. "Let's go this way," he said. She walked with him to the platform on which stood Kid Symes.

"Only a few more minutes, folks," the barker was chanting. "Come in, come in! Only a few more minutes before the bout goes on."

"Jan, you've never seen a real fight, have you?"

She studied his face for a moment, and then she said, "You know I haven't, Grant."

"Let's go in. You ought to see it once." He took her arm without waiting for an answer, led her to the ticket seller.

Most of the ringside seats seemed taken, but then he spotted Wilkie, who, after getting over the surprise of seeing him, helped him and Janet

squeeze into a place on the wooden bench that would have ordinarily accommodated one person. "Even if you quit, you can't keep away from it, huh?" Wilkie asked.

"This is more for Janet. She's never been near a ring in her life." The crowd was impatiently shouting and stamping for action. He turned to see how Janet was taking it. She was sitting quietly, seemingly ready to endure the whole thing.

There were a few catcalls and scattered applause as the fighter followed the barker into the ring. The barker went through his spiel, ending with, "Who'll it be, men? Who wants that twenty-five dollars?"

He caught a fleeting glimpse of Janet's surprised face as he shouted, "Here!" At the same time someone at the other end of the bench also volunteered. Wilkie looked surprised, too, but there was the beginning of understanding in his eyes.

"We have two men!" the barker shouted. "Now we can't give you a double feature." He paused for the crowd's laugh. "So we'll just pick one of the two. Will whoever called in this corner stand up?"

He stood up, not looking at Janet, aware that her eyes were on him. The barker looked him over briefly and then called for the other man. No one stood up. And then he saw Wilkie returning to his seat beside Janet, hurriedly putting away his billfold. "You fixed that, huh?" he said as the reporter sat down.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Wilkie answered, grinning.

"Grant—" Janet began.

"Don't worry," he cut in. "It's in the bag." It was always in the bag for those you loved. She might as well know how that part of it worked too. "As soon as I take care of him," he added, "we'll celebrate." Yeah! Famous last words, while it was still easy to talk.

He was led to the scale. "One seventy," the barker announced. "Just three pounds less than Kid Symes. That's what I call an even match, folks!"

Doc led him away, while the barker continued his patter. "I have my own stuff in that truck over there," he said when they were out of the tent.

Doc looked a little concerned. "You a fighter?"

"Nobody really thinks so, and that includes me."

Soon he was climbing through the ropes again, to be greeted by a ragged yell from the crowd. Somehow the word had gone around and the tent was filled with people from Springton. The barker had been keeping the spectators occupied with enthusiastic remarks about the evenness of the match. He lost some of his enthusiasm when Doc got him aside for a moment. Going to his fighter he passed along the information Doc had given him.

He and Kid Symes were called to the centre of the ring. "I want my own man in my corner," Grant said to the referee.

"What is this—a frame-up?" asked Kid Symes.

"You expect them all to be pigeons," he retorted.

The barker looked at him with new interest. "Get your man—it's all right with us," he said.

When he returned with Wilkie to the centre of the ring, Symes said, "Probably a golden-gloves punk. I'll cut him down so he fits his pants again—they're a little tight right now."

"You do that," Grant replied.

In the first round Symes came in fast, trying to overwhelm him with a shower of punches. Grant ducked and side-stepped, took two light jabs on his

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

forehead and landed with a solid left to Symes' mouth. A little later he landed another good left in the same place. Symes bounced back, hurt enough to be wary. They were circling each other carefully when the end of the first round came.

Wilkie was jubilant, chortling, "You have got him, Grant—you've got him!"

"That boy is going to be a lot tougher next round," he replied.

Symes was tougher, counterpunching with good effect, going into clinches when the going got bad. And at the break from one of the clinches Symes found him with a hard, low punch.

The world was suddenly a heaving, rocking sea of breathless nausea, and the "Oooohhh" he heard could have come from the crowd or from his own lips—he didn't know which. He was down on his knees, stomach curled over his hands, head hanging so low that his hair brushed the canvas. The referee was counting. "—four—five—six—seven—" Violently he rocked his head and shoulders upward, lurched to his feet. Only a few more seconds to the round. A little luck and he would last it out.

He jabbed with his left and was soft and ineffective with his right as Symes came in. Then he went into a clinch. "Got your number now, punk," Symes panted in his ear. "All left and no right, eh? That's why you're in this one-horse burg."

The crowd was shouting, "Where's that bell? Where's that bell?"

Symes broke away, pounding his still numb mid-section. He went into another clinch, and a moment later the bell did come through. "That's the last time you tie me up," Symes said before turning away. "Try it again and see."

Wilkie was fuming. "Of all the dirty, rotten deals! First he fouls you. Then the round is stretched because they thought he had you. They've got the referee, the timekeeper—everything for them!"

He had no breath to waste on Wilkie, so he just winked at him. He rolled his head to one side, glanced over his shoulder at Janet, who was nervously twisting the straps of her handbag, and he winked at her.

BY BELL TIME most of the pain was gone, but the quivery tightness was still there where the blow had landed. He stalked out carefully, knowing that Symes had to come to him, because twenty-five dollars was twenty-five dollars.

Symes tried his whirlwind attack and was jolted back with two fast lefts. He tried again and the left found his nose and started a trickle of blood running around the corner of his mouth and down his chin.

The blood was his cue. He went after Symes, backing him up—left, left, left. He was surprised when Symes went into a clinch without really having to—until he realized what it meant. He was being set up for the low one again.

It came with the break, as he had expected it to, and he blocked it. Then he used his right—really used it—for the first time, catching Symes squarely and flinging him into the ropes, and then catching him again as he came off the ropes, and Symes staggered, his slack body begging for the kill, and he got it, from another fast right which turned him so that he fell face forward, one arm outstretched, the other folded under him, like a man ready for artificial respiration.

The crowd counted along with the referee and then burst out with a prolonged cheer. Wilkie was doing a war dance around him. "Wait a

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minute, you maniac," he said. "Where's Janet?"

"Hey, fella—come get your money," the barker called after him.

"Bring it over," he shouted back. He had just located her, still in her seat.

She rose as he got to her. "Oh, Grant—" Her eyes seemed to be searching his face and body for fresh scars. Her hands hesitated, then went to his shoulders.

"I'm all sweat," he told her.

"Darling—I don't care! Are you all right? That's the big thing."

Wilkie obligingly shooed away the small crowd which had gathered around them. Then they were interrupted anyway by the barker. "Here's your money, kid," he said. "You're a real scrapper. I'd like to have a little talk with you."

"Okay, talk away."

"Here?"

"Sure. What's wrong with here?" "All right. First of all, how long have you been at it and where?"

He mentioned his record. "You see," he added, "you're on the wrong track. Anybody could have won seven out of seventeen."

"You were brought along too fast. I tell you, you've got promise. And brains, too. Symes told me you didn't have a right, just before you tagged him with it."

"Yeah, I know."

"All right. Now I want to send you to a man I know. He'll bring you along slower, maybe make something pretty good out of you."

"I'm not that kind of material, mister, and I know it."

"All right. Harry Garvey is champ today, right? Three years ago Harry did the same thing you did today. I made him the same offer. He took it. What do you say to that?"

"No kidding—Garvey?" It began to sound good. Maybe he could still make good his promises to Janet. "What do you say?" he asked, turning to her.

"No," she said without hesitation.

"What?"

"No," she repeated. "N-O."

"But—I don't get it. Just when I figure out that it's what you want—What's the story, anyway?"

"Come on, mister," Wilkie said to the barker. "Let's give these kids a chance."

"It wasn't exactly what you thought," she said, when they were alone. "It was just that I was ready, waiting for you to come take me away, for such a long time. And everyone in town knew it, so that it was always, 'When—when?' Oh, I know it's their way of being neighborly, but it got on my nerves. Soon my one big thought was that I couldn't get out fast enough. And I guess that turned things around in my mind, so that instead of leaving town to go with you I was going with you to leave town. Only I didn't realize it until you came back."

"Then I wanted time to get things straight. I had to be sure that I wanted you for yourself and nothing else. That's the story, except that I am sure now, Grant. I've been sure since you went in that ring. When you went down—I was never so scared in my life. I don't ever want to go through that again."

It was so much more than he had expected. For a moment he was speechless, as if he had watched a miracle being performed. "Would you mind," he finally managed to ask, "if you got one of the kisses now that I was going to give you later?"

She smiled, and it was a good smile—tender, happy, the kind of smile he always wanted her to have. "We'll concentrate on now," she said, "and let later take care of itself." ★



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The Bugs Strike Back

Continued from page 19

States, including Texas, New Jersey, Colorado, Oregon, Nevada, Tennessee, California and Florida.

Although the supertough insects have so far only affected milk production and made a general nuisance of themselves locally, there's been a good deal of speculation about the future threat of insects invulnerable to the most ingenious laboratory-made poisons.

In Canada a recent conference of the Canadian Institute of Sanitary Inspectors was told that DDT was still as good as ever. The medical entomology unit of the Dominion Agriculture Department was quoted: "There are no well-authenticated reports of DDT failure to control flies in Canada."

Canadian DDT is a 5% solution, a chemical company man told the conference, compared with a .25% solution in the U. S. The weaker U. S. dosage and the longer warm season there could be factors in U. S. fly breeds developing resistance, he said.

The potential health menace, if flies really fight back, is indicated by the fact that more than 100 different disease-producing organisms have been found in the bodies of flies. They are known to carry typhoid and dysentery, anthrax and tularemia (or "rabbit fever") and can spread epidemic diarrhea, a disease particularly dangerous to infants.

Although present reports deal mainly with flies, some entomologists fear that tomorrow's headlines will tell of extra-resistant yellow-fever and malaria mosquitoes, ticks, bedbugs and cockroaches. Whether or not such fears materialize, many U. S. experts agree that, in certain localities at least, DDT isn't as effective as it was three or four years ago.

Penicillin Losing Its Punch?

Doctors know that germs are putting up a fight, too, against "DDT's" such as the sulpha drugs. The first hints of trouble came as far back as April, 1937, at the height of the sulphanilamide boom, when Dr. C. T. Van Skyke of the U. S. Public Health Service noted that some of his gonorrhea patients seemed to require extra-large doses of the drug—and that, even then, they didn't recover completely.

One sufferer in his early 30's, for example, improved rapidly during the first three days of treatment, but had a mysterious relapse on the fourth day. Bacteriological tests showed what had happened. The drug killed most of the gonococci germs, but a few of the microbes survived and their offspring were immune to normal sulphanilamide concentrations. Although larger doses helped for a while the final outcome was a triumph for the germs.

Within a year hospitals throughout the nation were reporting that sulphanilamide, which had once cured about 75% of all cases of gonorrhea, was now effective in only one out of every four cases.

During World War II doctors had similar experiences with another one of the sulpha drugs, sulphadiazine. And most heralded of all germ killers, penicillin, has also met its match in a few unpublished cases. For example, take the infection of the heart valves known as subacute bacterial endocarditis. Before penicillin was discovered this was medicine's classical example of a 100% fatal disease; today patients have a 50-50 chance of surviving. But every now and then one of the failures is the result of the invulner-

ability of particularly stubborn germs.

This doesn't mean that the sulpha drugs and penicillin have lost their medical value, or are even likely to do so. Fortunately, such cases are rare and doctors can usually avoid the risk of failure by giving large doses quickly, before "educated" germs have a chance to gain a foothold.

The case of streptomycin is far more serious, so serious, in fact, that some U. S. doctors expect this drug to go out of circulation entirely within the next five years. You've probably heard that it's one of the most promising antituberculosis chemicals ever discovered and, in a way, there's a good deal of truth in that. Certain selected patients may be helped by carefully controlled doses, but the headlines never point out the most unpromising side of the picture—of all the antibiotics (germ killers obtained from the bodies of microbes and plants) discovered to date, streptomycin seems to offer the richest opportunities to the escape tactics of ingenious germs.

Some Breeds Are Tougher Now

Among the first cases treated with streptomycin at the Mayo Clinic several years ago was a 17-year-old girl suffering from tubercular meningitis, a usually fatal infection of the membranes lining the brain and spinal cord. Since no customary treatment could bring her out of her deep coma the new drug was tried as a last resort. Doctors were amazed when a few days of treatment brought startling improvements. The girl came out of her coma, and soon left the hospital, apparently cured.

But a few months later she lost consciousness, was rushed to the hospital, and this time the drug failed completely. When she died her spinal fluid was cloudy with tuberculosis germs that had developed a super-resistance to streptomycin.

Other cases show that streptomycin is far from being a cure-all. Today, while it is still the best drug generally available, limitations are severe and biochemical researchers are seeking new and better substances.

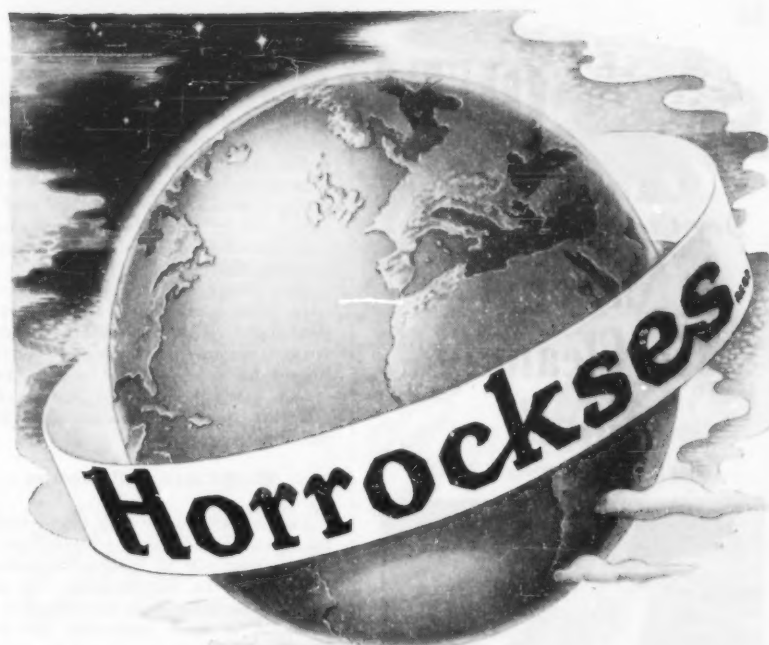
Tests have shown that the germs and insects able to withstand drugs and insecticides can pass the trait along to their descendants.

The basic research necessary to prove this key point was conducted, among other places, at the Carnegie Institution's Cold Spring Harbor Biological Station in New York, by Dr. M. Demerec. He put colonies of 200 million *Staphylococcus aureus* bacteria (germs that cause boils, carbuncles and other pus-forming inflammations) on nutrient agar plates, and then added carefully measured amounts of penicillin.

He found that if he added only .012 units or less of the drug per cubic centimeter the bacteria grew and multiplied normally. But a concentration of .014—only two thousandths of a unit greater—was sufficient to kill 90% of the microbes, while an average of only a single germ out of a 200 million-germ colony survived .125 unit per cubic centimeter.

Extraresistant germs were placed on new agar plates, allowed to breed for a few generations, and then exposed to double-strength penicillin.

The few survivors of this experimental catastrophe were in turn exposed to even stiffer concentrations of the drugs, and the process was repeated until Dr. Demerec had developed an artificial strain of germs which could breed contentedly in a solution containing 250 units of penicillin per cubic centimeter—a 20,800-fold increase in resistance over the vulnerable original strain.



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Note that these microbes hadn't acquired individual tolerances to the drug. The original strain had contained a few bacteria with inherited characteristics which fitted them for deadly environments that they had never yet experienced. The tests simply brought out the germs' latent powers, and the same sort of thing takes place among the microbes that survive drugs in patients' bodies.

Dr. Demerec's toughened strains bred true. Left to themselves in penicillin-free environments for more than 90 generations—which in terms of human life is equivalent to 2,250 years—the germs continued to produce offspring just as resistant as their parents.

Resistance Is Passed on

Incidentally, now that extrarivulent microbes can be bred to order, lethal supergerms can be created in military laboratories for wartime use. As soon as a countermeasure is developed in the form of a new antitoxin or drug, another resistant strain can be created which won't be affected. This hypothetical seesaw situation resembles the deadly game of gun designers and armor manufacturers—a new high-power gun being countered with tougher armor, which is in turn penetrated by shells from an even better gun, and so on. The germ-vs.-vaccine duel might become a terrible reality if there is a World War III.

Studies on insect resistance to DDT indicate that it, too, may be an inherited trait. The urgency of the problem has set entomologists thumbing through dusty volumes of technical journals, and they've found forgotten reports which show that such problems cropped up now and then decades ago.

Back in 1916 a scientist reported that red scale—tiny insects which live as juice-sucking parasites—were becoming more and more resistant to the cyanide sprays being used by citrus farmers in California. They survived their less hardy fellow insects on a 20-to-one basis, and passed their resistance on through at least 35 generations.

Other reports told of supertough apple-infesting codling moths and, more recently, the U.S. Department of Agriculture conducted a series of housefly experiments at its Corvallis, Ore., laboratory. Three hundred flies were sprayed in a fine DDT-kerosene mist for two minutes, and the 30 survivors were used as parents to develop a new strain. These flies were bred for 14 generations in a DDT-free environment and, although their resistance varied from generation to generation, extra-high concentrations of the insecticide were needed to kill 90 to 95% of the offspring.

We Need Some New Poisons

This doesn't mean that the insecticides you buy have lost their power to kill. The odds are that if you use sufficiently high concentrations and spray thoroughly you'll continue to get good results at home and on the farm.

There's no evidence that the scattered strains of highly resistant flies have spread to large areas, and the latest problem in the insect war is still a matter of strictly local engagements.

But the situation is definitely becoming more serious, and U. S. entomologists are planning a new series of tests this summer when, partly because the warm winter has given the insects better breeding conditions, the fly population is expected to be particularly dense.

In the long run the entomologists will have to develop countermeasures

similar to those used by the doctors against germs. The trick, as in warfare, is to keep the enemy guessing by mixing your strategies and using a wide variety of weapons. But there's some evidence to indicate that a series of new bug killers may have to be invented to do the job.

Science fiction writers, looking back at history and inspired by the latest news about DDT-resistant bugs, have made spectacular prophecies about the Victory of the Insects, a future where man will have been wiped out by one of his oldest, toughest and most stubborn enemies.

Biologists don't subscribe to this

scientific daydreaming, pointing out that evolution never gives a species a second chance and that insects have had their heyday. That was in paleozoic times, some 280 million years ago, when dragonflies with wingspans of nearly a yard dived through the air, and the earth was dominated by giant beetles and cockroaches.

The absolute reign of the insects ended with the coming of the mammals, including man, but they've never been wiped out. Ages of the struggle for survival have equipped them with amazing reserves. Insects may never rule the world again—but they're not going to be annihilated either. ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



The Fiddler Went to War

MY UNCLE Basile Bouchard played a lusty fiddle, and his music and tapping foot sent the dancers whirling in many a village hall in his Quebec district. Soon after the American Civil War began he was playing his fiddle in a local tavern when he was approached by a Yankee.

The Northerners allowed their conscripts to hire substitutes to take their places in the field and the agent put a proposition to the simple Basile.

The Yankees wanted not only soldiers, but entertainers too, the agent said. Basile's violin would be just the thing to lighten the spirits of the fighting men. He, of course, would be quite safe behind the lines.

For \$500, Basile signed up as a musician to the northern army and crossed the border. When he reached camp, his fiddle was snatched away and he was thrown a rifle and bayonet.

With two other French Canadians, who had also been tricked into joining the regiment, Basile reluctantly took part in several actions.

Scared stiff by the bullets and cannon shells that whistled about their ears, the Canadians tried to surrender to the Southerners. Two of the deserters were killed by Yankee guards and Basile alone got away.

Taken prisoner by the Southerners, he was held in a town which was immediately attacked and captured by the Yankees. Basile tearfully pictured himself before the almost inevitable firing squad.

A Yankee major took pity on the shrinking, illiterate French Canadian and defended him at the court-martial. Basile had some papers with him, some in French and others in English (which he could not speak). He handed these over to the major and then recited Paters and Aves without end.

Basile did not understand a word of the prosecution or his own defense, but was overjoyed when smiles on the faces of the officers of the court told him he was free.

The Yankee major later explained that Basile had put his "x" on the enlistment paper just one day before his 21st birthday (his baptismal certificate proved this) and therefore the enlistment was null and void. He could not desert from an army of which he was not legally a member.

Uncle Basile loved telling anyone who would listen the story of his lucky escape, until he died peacefully from old age in the pleasant, peaceful town of St. Hyacinthe. — Senator T. D. Bouchard.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

He Lured Success

Continued from page 17

cartridges of compressed gas allowing the lure to eject a trail of bubbles like a live minnow. Another type has a built-in buzzer and battery to attract big fish. There are bass lures of the plug type which possess exotic plastic streamers like the skirts of a Hawaiian dancer and are fittingly called "hula baits."

At one time Red himself made plugs finished in phosphorescent paint which would glow and entice fish in dark water. (They're now illegal.) Although he doesn't go in for many fancy lures now, his Cobourg plant does plate spoons with 22-carat gold—for Trout of Distinction. And Red's baits are made more attractive to fishermen by being packaged in neat little boxes with cellophane windows.

Red now sells more than one million lures a year. One reason for his success is that his baits are designed for Canadian fish. One pattern group is made for the Maritimes; another for Ontario lakes; another for the Pacific Coast. He makes 1,000 different kinds of lure, selling from 10 cents to \$1.95.

Red divides his time between his two factories: the one at Peterborough where baits are assembled and packaged, and the one at Cobourg where the hooks, blanks, rough plugs and swivels are manufactured. (Swivels keep the fishing line from twisting or tangling.)

Into the latter factory comes the raw material for the lures: ten tons of brass a year for spoon blanks and wobblers; 19,000 pounds of wire for landing nets alone; 200 pounds of feathers for feathered hooks on pike and bass lures (calculating the feather weight of a fowl at an eighth of a pound that means about 1,600 chickens and geese go west to make Lucky Strike baits).

Before the war Red had to get his hooks and swivels from firms in Europe and the United States. When the war cut supplies he began making his own.

Invention in the Night

Assembled at Peterborough, the baits go out with such names as Beetle-back Wobblers, June Bug Spinners, Kenora Bait, Toronto Wobbler, Devil Bait, River Rogue, Golden Bowl, Bear Valley Spoon, Serpent, Pi-kee Minnow.

Red's inventive mind is never far away from his life's work. He'll tell you that a lot of his best ideas have been worked out almost subconsciously, or even while he was sleeping. He keeps a pad and pencil by his bed, wakes and finds that he has worked out a knotty factory problem or created a new lure. It was so that the Pi-kee Minnow Submarine Plug was born.

For a long time Red had concerned himself with two types of lures: those which traveled along the surface, those which swam along the bottom. But he often wondered how the two could be combined. The answer came to him one night; he jotted the details down; later patented the idea.

The result is the lure of which he is proudest: a plastic hollow plug, rainbow colored, picked out with gilt scales, bearing a silver-plated cup under its chin and under its belly a rubber valve shaped like a tiny propeller. This valve may be twisted sideways to fill the plug with water so that it will sink as a deep lure; or, if the fish are rising to feed, it may be left empty and have corklike buoyancy.

Like many a Horatio Alger success, the Lucky Strike Bait Company had its beginning in boyhood years. "Red was always inventing or turning out something," says his wife, recalling her

husband's youth. As kids she and Red both lived on Peterborough's Sherbrooke Street. "He used to whittle monkeys out of peach pits. His father wore one for a watch fob up until he died two years ago."

From the garage behind his red brick home to his business employing 60 people is quite a step. Red tells the story this way:

"I was a patternmaker for Fischer Bodies in Detroit and at the start of the depression you couldn't buy a job so I came back to Peterborough."

"I got on with a cream separator plant here, making 35 cents an hour, two or three days a week. I always liked fishing and I ran out of plugs. We didn't have the money to buy them so it was either make my own plugs or quit fishing."

"I'd made a small wood lathe out of bed angle irons, had it in an old garage at the back of the house. My wife suggested I make my own plugs. I did. Out of one of her old broom handles."

Mother Did the Books

"I caught four fish one day, from five to seven pounds. A friend saw them and asked me where I got my bait. I told him. He bought one off me for 50 cents."

"Then I started putting them around downtown, in the pool hall, the barber shop. People bought them. They caught fish with them."

Red recalls that his first plugs were pretty crude affairs, heavy as lead, difficult to carve for the wood of broomsticks is hard and crooked-willed. He changed to cedar, using old fence rails for material.

A traveler for a manufacturers' distributing firm dropped into the barber-shop where some of Red's plugs were on display. He became interested, asked Red if he could make a lot of plugs out of old cedar rails.

"I thought he meant say a 25- or 30-dozen lot," says Red, "and I said sure. He told me to send them 10,000 plugs in three months' time to catch the year's seasonal demands. I quit the separator factory job and started in making plugs full time."

The first factory was the Edgar home on Sherbrooke Street; Mrs. Edgar, who had been a bookkeeper and stenographer, took charge of the bookwork end of the business. When Red's lures caught on, and caught fish, that home became the first Lucky Strike plant. When he started manufacturing on a big scale he went 36 miles over to Cobourg and converted a large barn left over from Victorian days into his second plant. It stands under large maple and chestnut trees on a quiet street near the Calvary Baptist Church, one block over from the old home of Marie Dressler.

In his first big year, Red's lures brought in \$6,000 gross. Last year they brought in \$100,000.

Gold and Silver Spoons

Though it's now big time the Lucky Strike Company is just as personal an enterprise today as it was 22 years ago. Red's Cobourg office is in one corner of what was once the loft of the barn; two sides are made of glass so that he has a clear view of the entire plant floor. On one cream-colored wall hangs an oval plaque with a stuffed and varnished rainbow trout, its mouth relentlessly open—six and a half pounds.

As Red comes in from lunch at Andy's Restaurant he stops at a machine punching wobbler blanks out of brass, says to the workman, "Tell Anker he's got a flat tire."

He walks through a bedlam of sound



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and watch the family fall to! Swift's Premium has the rich nourishment your family needs to "stoke the furnace" for an active day . . . plus that famous teasing, tempting sweet smoke taste they can't resist. It's by far the best-liked bacon of all.

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P-L-E-A-S-E COOK IT RIGHT!

Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Do not overcrowd. Cook slowly, turning often. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates. With the bacon, fry tangy pineapple slices. Mmm!



Swift's Premium

The Bacon with the sweet smoke taste!



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You can mix this Dream Cake in 5 minutes instead of 20 by using this new MARGENE method.

It's so easy to follow, and your cake will be wonderfully light and delicious, but note carefully the way in which the ingredients are mixed.

DREAM CAKE

3/4 c. MARGENE	1 1/4 c. sugar
2 c. sifted cake flour	3/4 c. milk
3 tsp. baking powder	1 tsp. vanilla
3/4 tsp. salt	2 eggs, unbeaten

Have ingredients at room temperature. Cream MARGENE until light and fluffy. Sift cake flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add dry ingredients at once to the creamed MARGENE. Add milk and vanilla. Stir carefully until the dry ingredients are just moistened. Beat by hand for 300 strokes (or using an electric beater, for two minutes at medium speed). Add unbeaten eggs. Beat again for 150 strokes (or using an electric beater, for one minute at medium speed). Turn batter into two 8" layer cake pans, lightly greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake at 350°F. for 35-40 minutes. Remove cakes from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread favourite vanilla frosting between the two layers, with a few chopped maraschino cherries. Cover the top and sides of the cake with the same frosting. Decorate with shredded coconut and red maraschino cherries.

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compounded of the creaking, slapping, clacketing and hum of machinery, past a huge bucket tilted on one side and slowly revolving with the sound of a man turning over change in his pocket, goes upstairs, past the fish net people, the swivel snap girl, the pike feather lure tier, and into his office.

It is payday. He sets out four piles of bills, tens, fives, twos, ones. When the pay envelopes are made up Red passes them out himself. His workers get 35 cents an hour to start and an increase of three cents an hour each month. Some earn as much as \$42 a week.

The foreman comes into the office. "Where's the iodine?"

Red looks up to the shelf under the window where the first-aid kit stands with aspirin, adhesive tape, rubbing alcohol, boracic, Caroid and Bile Salts. "What's the matter?"

"Joe ran a piece of wire into his hip." Red gets up from his desk. "I'd better see him."

"It ain't serious. Just wants to get some iodine onto her. Just a little pun'ture sort of."

Joe attended to, Red returns to the task of making up the weekly pay cheques.

Another man comes in. The phone rings. Red picks it up. "I'll rob some of the sevens." A pause. "Ninety gross of snap swivels in your order—next Friday before we can get them out."

He hangs up and turns to the worker who holds a piece of machinery in his hand. Red explains to him. "All you have to do is . . . here . . . a little pin . . . leave this up . . . half the thickness of your material."

He returns to licking the flaps on the pay envelopes.

Most of the machinery, the tools, the punches, the dies for specific needs of the lure-making business are the result of Red's own construction.

The making of a simple treble hook needed for plugs, spinners and wobblers involves 17 distinct operations to convert it from a five-inch piece of wire into a barbed and gleaming threat to the life of a game fish. It must be pointed, U'd into hairpin shape, barbed, formed, eyed, welded, inspected, hardened in an electric furnace at 1,595 degrees F., tempered at 450 degrees F., pickled in an acid bath, cleaned, tumbled in barrels, electroplated. When all this is done it has a value of one and a quarter cents. A spoon requires nine different operations; a swivel, seven.

Oleanders and Fishhooks

Throughout the factory small radios blare continuously; on the walls are movie star pin-ups.

A slight girl in a grey flannel coat with a pink blouse bends over her bench like a bookkeeper over figures. At her hand is a pile of wire lengths, a small heap of swivels. She threads the wire through a swivel, inserts it into a machine with two-narrow arms.

The machine, as the girl pulls a lever, gives out a sharp clunk and a squeak and a clack.

"What do you make?"

Pick up the wire and swivel, insert "We call" . . . clunk . . . "them snap swivels" . . . clack, pull the lever and release . . . "Number seven." She reaches for new wire length, another swivel.

On the other side of the loft factory a girl in candy-striped blouse with black kid gloves and welding hood welds treble hooks for lures. In a glass by her side the head of a pink oleander blossom floats. The radio, as the conveyor brings her 188 hooks, plays "Cruising Down the River."

Success in business has not changed Edgar's way of living appreciably.

He has a modest orange brick bungalow on Peterborough's Fagan Avenue, bought two years ago. The Edgars are a musical family. Red plays the clarinet as does his only son, Bill. Mrs. Edgar and Marilyn (who now does the bookkeeping her mother used to do) play the piano. The oldest of the girls, Joy, who is married, sings. Ruth, a baby of one year, does percussion work on the bars of her playpen.

Bill is an apprentice tool and die-maker in a nearby factory; he expects at the end of his apprenticeship to go into the Lucky Strike Company with his father.

Red wears gold-rimmed glasses which he has a habit of adjusting frequently on the bridge of his nose, dresses usually in well-tailored chocolate or tan business suits with his Lion pin in the lapel. He speaks with a soft, easy voice, using his hands generously for illustration.

The fat gold ring on his finger winks in the light as alluringly as one of his Toronto Wobblers; its blood-red ruby twinkles just as fiercely as the faceted glass bead in the Ruby-eyed Wobbler guaranteed as a sure-kill lure for pike, pickerel and other game fish.

Lures on the Sideboard

When everything's running smoothly in the plants Red gets busy creating or testing lure patterns. He tests them for lifelike action off the end of the George Street wharf in Peterborough, or on his fishing trips in the north country.

One afternoon, just a street length away from busy Peterborough traffic, Red was testing an unpainted but hooked wooden plug to determine the sort of wiggle a new nose cup would give it. With eyes glued to the twisting lure he was startled to see a streaking flash, then for one breath-taking moment he was fast to what he is sure must have been a 20-pound muskellunge.

Happily it broke free. But for several embarrassing moments the head of a nationally known bait-manufacturing firm had on his line in broad daylight in downtown Peterborough a 20-pound muskellunge—out of season.

Red has no hobbies other than fishing; with the setting up of his second factory in Cobourg he has not had time for the golf he used to play.

Each May for 15 years he has taken 10 days to go by train, pack horse, or plane to Algonquin Park with Peterborough's Dentist Long and Surgeon Gordon. Nothing is allowed to interfere with this trip; this year he got up from a severe bout of flu to go.

Mrs. Edgar says she can take fishing or leave it alone; after 20 years of seeing lures on the mantel, the piano, the dining-table top, the sideboard, of finding reels and fishing rods and disassembled outboard motors in her sewing room, she has not the fanatic angling interest of her son or husband or daughter Marilyn.

And in a wooden playpen on the veranda of the Edgar home sits a one-year-old child. In the light breeze swings a blue celluloid duck; blocks are in jumbled profusion over the playpen floor; a brown rubber Teddy bear with a wry expression lies there; a pink rattle on a handle.

The suburban sun catches red glints in the child's hair as she leans forward. She does not grasp the duck, the bear, the blocks, the rattle. The hand of the youngest Edgar goes unerringly to a torpedo-shaped object the color of the rainbow. Scaled with gold lacquer, but without hooks or wiggle cup, the de luxe lure goes into her mouth for sucking—the Pi-kee Minnow with the frog-ee finish. ★

The Wackiest Town in the World

Continued from page 9

York, unless one goes to a theatre opening, one is likely to be beset by no more than a half-dozen urchins seeking autographs. Here in Hollywood it is a terrifying experience.

On a recent evening I took a well-known star to a Beverly Hills restaurant for dinner. The street seemed fairly well deserted as we pulled into the driveway of the restaurant, but before we had taken a few steps toward the entrance there materialized a solid phalanx of about 50 crazed individuals—old women, girls, boys and men who looked like retired druggists—all struggling forward with pads and leaky fountain pens.

I fled like an abject coward, leaving the poor woman to her public. She didn't appear to mind. She signed 20 or 30 autographs, and smiled graciously on the multitude while a policeman shoved through to rescue her.

"Does this happen all the time?" I mumbled apologetically.

She was completely unruffled. "Aren't they sweet?" she said as we entered the welcome shelter of the restaurant.

The Tragedy of the Hopefuls

A prime example of this awe of show people came just before Easter when a radio announcement was made summoning the people to the justly famous sunrise service in the Hollywood Bowl on Easter Sunday's dawn. It described the glories of the service, the thousands of choristers, the recreation of the Last Supper and other details of the spectacular service. Then the announcer added: "Organ music will be furnished by an organist who was formerly with Amos and Andy."

Perhaps a more important effect of Hollywood on the larger community may be found in the impermanence of the buildings, especially the business structures. Along such main thoroughfares as Hollywood Boulevard and Wilshire one sees shops with magnificent façades of marble, chrome and modernistic knotty pine. Behind these beautiful store fronts the buildings are usually constructed of slats held together with tar paper.

They are reminiscent of the "permanent streets" which are a part of the physical properties of every major studio. Each studio has a "New York street" consisting of brownstone fronts, a "main street" with shops and small hotels, and a "western street" with two or three saloons, a sheriff's office and a Wells Fargo depot. These streets are cleverly constructed but they consist only of a wall; behind there is nothing but scaffolding.

No one seriously holds Hollywood responsible for this condition. The shopkeepers themselves must take the blame, if blame there be. Perhaps they like it that way. But it is clearly a facet of the Hollywood psychology so deeply ingrained in this community—all front, all glitter, all luxury, and behind these only scant foundations and much shoddiness.

The Hollywood magnet, intensified by movie magazines in most countries and in most languages, has drawn to these damp hills unnumbered hopefuls. One meets them in the shadows of the outside walls of the studios: the determined mothers who see in their bright-eyed brats another Shirley Temple; the retired bank clerk who has looked at himself in the mirror too long and decided he is a potential character

actor; the handsome young men who never forget that Victor Mature was once a garage mechanic; and, most tragic of all, the girls with their pert noses and blond hair who just know they are better actresses than Lana Turner. (And why not?)

It is not merely a legend that Hollywood has the prettiest waitresses in the world. This writer, who has traveled widely and who has never been unaware of a pretty waitress, can attest its truth. Along the Sunset Boulevard drive-in restaurants there are scores of carhops of far more striking beauty than Dorothy Lamour.

As long as they remain carhops there is no tragedy. A job as a waitress here pays better than one in Fort Wayne. The human drama begins when these girls decline to accept their failure to break into the movies. They fall into the hands of phony "agents" who propound the fraudulent legend that sex is the sure ladder to success in Hollywood, and their "career" is in many cases the sort of degradation they used to scoff at when their mothers warned them back home.

The result is a daily spate of unsavory court cases which keeps newspaper circulations high and the community's moral reputation low. Hollywood is not to blame.

The inexplicable urge of American youth to act in the movies (instead of on the stage) is one of Hollywood's major problems; an expensive organization is maintained for the sole purpose of preventing aspirants from wasting the time of executives. If blame must be attached let it be attached to a system of counterfeit publicity which makes such great heaven out of the worrisome and often desolate career of a movie star.

These, then, are the principal ways in which Hollywood has colored the peculiar civic atmosphere of greater Los Angeles. One must admit they are not important in the life of this fastest-growing city in America.

Hollywood cannot have fostered the bizarre collection of "religious" cults that has established itself and grown rich here, nor the advent of more race-track touts per street corner than can be found at Belmont Park, nor the fantastic and irreverent sense of advertising indulged here, nor the gangsters and the multifarious fakers. In this babel of crackpottery Hollywood seems inordinately sane.

The Rackets Swoop Down

The explanation must be found in a study of the growth of this great community. During World War I Los Angeles was a minor city of the United States, notable chiefly because it embraced a suburb called Hollywood.

After that war the first great wave of outside population drifted in. These were mostly old folks long past their prime, who sought the highly advertised climate, spaciousness and cheapness of living. They brought along their pensions and small savings, built a heatless bungalow on a small patch of garden land and settled down to die.

But they discovered that the theory of settling down to die in the sunshine wasn't quite so simple. After a life dedicated to scrambling for a living they found it necessary to seek something to cling to, an ideal, a fundamental thought; living until death was too empty.

Cults of all kinds and varieties sprang up, first in tents then in empty dwellings; each found its fanatic following among the old folks groping for a staff on which to lean. The cults grew rich, and their wealth attracted idealists and charlatans from all over the world.

The second great wave began in 1930



BRENDA YORK'S "Here's How" COOKERY COLUMN

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: Since the Brenda York Column was "born" two years ago, more than 200,000 letters have come in from our readers—many of them containing splendid recipes and ideas—many seeking help with cooking problems. We're more than happy to help—for we know that experiments in food preparation can be both costly and time-robbing. And these questions have given us much "food for thought", too. They've shown us that many of our readers would welcome a series of basic cooking rules—a beginner's course in the simplest and easiest ways to cook the foods served most often in Canadian homes. So I'm going to include some basic rules in the columns henceforth. These may be "old stuff" to experienced cooks, but you won't mind, I'm sure, and you'll all enjoy our \$100.00 "recipe of the month"—and I hope will continue to send us your splendid recipes and ideas.

WE START OFF with a food that practically everyone loves yet which is, quite frequently, improperly cooked. It's that breakfast-time favourite: Bacon. "Maple Leaf" Breakfast Bacon is lightly cured and smoked to a truly delicious sweetness—and it's a shame to destroy even a mite of that heavenly flavour with wrong cooking. So, let's file into the classroom and learn the right way to panbroil:

"MAPLE LEAF" BREAKFAST BACON

1. Place slices of "Maple Leaf" Breakfast Bacon in a cold, ungreased, heavy iron skillet.
2. Cook over a low heat, turning to brown both sides evenly.
3. Pour off the fat as it accumulates.
4. Drain on a paper towel. Serve immediately.

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BRENDA YORK,

"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
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P.S. Unfortunately, in P.E.I. where Margene is not sold, we cannot offer the Margene Cook Book to our readers, but we hope our Islander friends will continue to participate in the \$100.00 monthly contest—and send us their recipes this month for "Maple Leaf" Breakfast Bacon.

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for this super-de-luxe pie with its light,
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"TENDERFLAKE" MAPLE CHARLOTTE PIE

Make "Tenderflake" crust, following directions on carton of "Tenderflake" Lard. Place rolled pastry in 9" pie plate and bake at 450°F. for 10-12 minutes. Cool. Prepare this filling:

1 tablespoon gelatine	¾ cup maple syrup
½ cup cold water	½ cup whipping cream
2 eggs, separated	½ cup almonds, blanched and chopped

Method: Soak gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks. Place maple syrup, soaked gelatine and egg yolks in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until gelatine is dissolved. Cool. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Whip the cream and fold in, together with the almonds. Pour into baked pie shell. Chill thoroughly. Garnish with whipped cream and chopped almonds if desired.

And just before we say "class dismissed", let me remind you not to miss the "Margene" colour advertisement in this issue. You'll want to try that wonderful, new Margene "Dream Cake" recipe as soon as you read it—it's a honey! Good-bye for now—see you when the school bell rings, next month.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

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MONEY BACK
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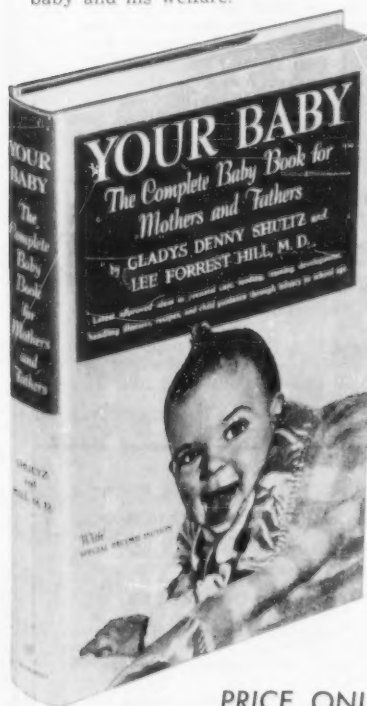
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There is no book, of course, that can ever replace your physician's personal advice and help, but "YOUR BABY" will save the doctor many needless calls. It tells you which signs of mental and physical growth to watch for; how to start your youngster on new foods; how to care for your baby down to the very last detail.

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**A Complete Record of Your
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One whole section of this amazing book is devoted to a personal record of your baby, from the day of birth through the many stages of development. Special places to paste in photos, a record of weight and height, every little detail of interest can be recorded as a permanent record that will be cherished by your baby in later years.

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BABY ON THE WAY—pregnancy tests, what do Rh positive and negative mean? Preparing a room for baby, preparing for feeding, childbirth anesthesia.

ENJOY YOUR BABY—how does a child's personality develop? How baby grows, how to train your baby.

THE RIGHT START—baby's homecoming, what should Dad do? How much food should a baby have? Diets for nursing mothers, why do babies cry? Is a rigid feeding schedule good? Preparing formulas, should babies be forced to take water? How to bottle-feed, sponge bathing, nose and ear cleaning, scalp cleaning.

NEW BORN TO YEARLING—cod liver oil, sun bathing, baby learns muscular control, starting on solid foods, teething, protection against diseases, 8 ways to introduce new foods, why appetite drops off. There are five other sections covering almost every step of your child's growth through the pre-school years. "YOUR BABY" is literally a complete home-study course for the new mother and father. If there is a new baby in your home you will find your copy of "YOUR BABY" will be your "best friend" for many years to come. Order your copy now.

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BOOK WITH CARE

when poverty, depression and dust brought the Okies streaming into California. These people, as so poignantly depicted by Steinbeck, suffered from another kind of emptiness. They too settled firmly in this part of California, and formed the human element which made the Roosevelt recovery a vibrant thing. They brought their own cults and superstitions or added strength to those which already existed.

When California's wartime boom began in 1940 with the building of vast aircraft factories to fill British Government orders the unemployed drifters who had been a drain on California's economy became an asset. There were plenty of highly paid jobs and plenty of people to fill them.

Southern California began to leap with prosperity. Real estate, rents and prices skyrocketed. But the people hadn't changed. They were simple folk, unsophisticated, kind and believing. And they had money. The cry went out among the racket boys, Sucker country! Out came the touts and the slot-machine kings and the "social club" promoters.

Then came the third wave, the post-war influx. Young men from bleak Ohio and Jersey and Arkansas trained in camps set in the lush fields of California and scores of thousands of them vowed they would return here when and if they came back from the war. Most of them escaped death and kept their promises to themselves. California continued to boom. It is still booming.

Thus we arrive at a reasonable answer to the query: What gives Los Angeles its distinctive aura? The city is still too young; it is in its frontier stage; the human waves that streamed out here have not had time to shake themselves down into a solid community. Possibly 20 years from now Los Angeles will be a city justified in comparing itself with, let us say, Philadelphia. It will be more flamboyant, certainly, for the entertainment business and the fabulous vistas of

mountains and ocean must inevitably color the community's personality.

And it is already settling down. The other night a meeting of taxpayers was held in a Beverley Hills schoolhouse to discuss ways and means of more efficient garbage collection. Among those there were Ronald Coleman, Jack Benny and Louella Parsons. These people, who once considered the place just another stand in a show-business career, are now developing roots.

Last week end I paid a visit to Thomas Mann, perhaps the greatest of living writers. He lives permanently in a modest villa set in the Santa Monica hills three miles from the Pacific. I asked him what he thought of Los Angeles as a place where a sensitive writer could do proper work.

By way of reply he brought me into his study where he writes each day from 9 in the morning until 12.30, three and a half hours during which his family respects his demand for complete silence and undisturbed concentration. It is a lovely book-lined study, sombre as most of his themes. Two large windows give him light and a modest vista of the Santa Monica hills—not the ocean because that would be too distracting a view for a writer.

"As you see," he said, "it is a fine place for writing."

Ethel Barrymore has recently moved her permanent residence here. So has James Roosevelt. And scores of scientists, artists and scholars. This constitutes still another wave.

We begin to see the process of the building of a great community. First, the indiscriminate waves of people, then the confusion and the racketeers, then the culture. And finally the shaking-down phase which will make a well-balanced community.

I wonder, though, if Los Angeles will ever lose the spirit which impels a roadside frankfurter dealer to erect a sign depicting a mongrel flying through clouds above the legend, "Our hot dogs are out of this world!" I hope it doesn't. It wouldn't be Los Angeles. ★

**Would You Live Better
In the U. S.?**

Continued from page 13

In clothes the U. S. family has the edge. Al has always had two good suits. This year, for the first time, Oscar owns two fairly well-made worsteds. Both men paid exactly \$45 for their last suits. Both bought overcoats over eight years ago, and neither expects to get a new one for some time. Al estimates he had been spending \$225 a year for clothes in the States, Oscar's bill is about \$150.

Al, the American, still owns more wardrobe accessories than Oscar. He has about a dozen and a half dress and sports shirts. Oscar showed me his eight dress shirts and two sports shirts. They are not as well-made as Al's.

Lucy Bigami, too, owns a larger and better wardrobe than Canadian Muriel Bieber. Both haunt the stores at the end of the season looking for \$10 hats being sold off for \$2, and both do much of their own sewing. But Mrs. Bigami pays only \$1.10 for nylon hose—a big item in both women's expenses—as against the \$1.65 Mrs. Bieber has been yielding. Except food, and clothing for their children, both will cut down on anything else but the nylons. It's hard to believe, but Mrs. Bigami insists she buys 48 pairs a year; Mrs. Bieber, 26.

Mrs. Bigami owns two suits. The

one she got last Easter, just before Al's pay was cut, is particularly fine, and cost \$50. She has two coats—a gabardine with a removable liner and a muskrat that cost \$300 three years ago. She generally buys about two pairs of shoes a year at \$14 a pair.

A change in fashion is a major problem to Mrs. Bigami, but she manages to keep up moderately well. "The new look killed me," she confided. "All those clothes hanging in the closet and I can't wear them. I had to buy extra clothes."

Mrs. Bieber of Hamilton seems less conscious of the new look, and she owns just one suit: a little wool number she picked up for \$10 at a clearance. Nor does she have a fur coat for winter. Hers is cloth with a bit of fur trim she bought for \$68 two years ago. She pays almost as much for shoes—from \$10 to \$14.75—but they aren't quite as well made as Mrs. Bigami's, and she seems to have to buy six pairs a year.

As with workingmen's wives everywhere, skirts and blouses are the backbone of both women's wardrobes. But Mrs. Bigami has a good dozen and a half blouses in her closet; 12 of them she picked up for a dollar a piece when one of the Trenton stores went out of business last spring. Mrs. Bieber has just three blouses.

Mrs. Bigami's clothes for the past year cost her altogether \$310. Mrs. Bieber spent \$278 for noticeably fewer clothes.

Only on boys' clothing does the Canadian family have some advantage.

Our comparisons of retail prices and of expenditures of the two families indicate children's clothing prices have not zoomed as much here as in the States. "I pay a quarter for my own socks but I have to pay 39 cents for the kid's," Al says in amazement.

Now Mrs. Bigami has taken to making more of Ronald's clothes herself to stem the inroads on her budget. She found she could make him two pairs of boxer shorts out of a yard of twill for 69 cents, instead of paying 85 cents a pair for them.

Shoes are the biggest jolt. The Bigamis of Trenton bought Ronald eight pairs last year at five bucks a trip. Of course Gerald isn't outgrowing his as fast, and he isn't quite as well-shod as the other boy, but the Biebers had to buy him only three pairs at \$3.50, plus four pairs of sneakers at \$2.25.

For the year the Bigamis spent \$100 for their lad's clothes, as against the \$75 it cost the Biebers.

When it comes to rent both families are noticeably helped by the controls still extant in both countries. In Trenton average rental is \$45.60 for a heated four-room flat, according to William Pitt, official N. J. living-cost statistician. Al pays just \$40, including light and gas.

A Canadian wage earner does pay a little less for shelter, although he'll argue that statement at the drop of a rent bill. In Hamilton, Oscar pays \$20 a month for five rooms. He admits that's half the rent some of the other steelworkers he knows are paying. After he's through heating the place, paying light, gas and water bills, and redecorating it himself, his rent is still only \$34.30. Officially the average Hamilton family pays about \$33.50 a month unheated, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Fuel would raise that average shelter cost to about \$42.50, still under Trenton's rate.

The big bogey for both families is medical and dental bills. The jolt came last year for both. First Al was hit by a dentist bill of \$300 for his wife. Then he himself began to suffer pains in his legs and back from working on the cement floor of the shipping room. There was a series of X-rays that set him back \$60, and the doctor ordered him to lose weight. He was supposed to visit the doctor every week for a checkup but he soon quit that. "All he did was weigh me for three bucks," Al grumbles. In six months Al saw \$400 worth of wartime bonds vanish.

Their Savings Shrink

Doctor bills hit Oscar, the Canadian, much the same way. First the boy had his appendix removed, then he broke his arm, then there was \$40 for his wife's dentist bill, and finally he himself had to have treatments for a bad leg. There went exactly \$380. It's little consolation to Oscar that he pays only \$2 for a visit to the doctor, while Al pays \$3.

Actually, the cost-of-living problem of the two families on the opposite sides of the border is strikingly similar, except, of course, that when Al Bigami of the U. S. paces the floor worrying he walks on a rug.

As the result of high living costs neither this year will take a vacation. Last year the Bigamis went to a small seaside resort nearby. This year they can't afford the \$9 a day for the hotel room. Last year the Biebers had the car and took a trip. This year they'll visit Oscar's brother in Windsor for a couple of days, and the rest of the time Oscar will redecorate the flat.

What insurance protection the two families have is pretty much dispersed

among the several members, with little on the wage earner himself. Both have exactly the same setup: \$1,000 on Pop, \$500 on Mom, and \$1,000 for the boy, although both men have additional insurance policies on the job, cost of which is shared with employers. Insurance cost is less for the Biebers, because their boy's policy, an endowment type, is paid by the Government's family allowance of \$6 a month.

Recreation for both consists pretty much of the movies once a week. The Biebers take the bus to Toronto with Jerry about once a year to have dinner out and see a special show. Last time it was Barbara Ann Scott at the Maple Leaf Gardens, and Mrs. Bieber proudly displays the souvenir program. Their movies are 60 cents for adults and 20 for Gerald. Then Saturday night they stop off at the Pacific Restaurant and all three have banana splits at 25 cents per. In Trenton, after the show, which costs them 74 cents apiece, the Bigamis pay 35 cents for the same feast.

Otherwise the social life of both families centres around the labor union and church. Both are regular church goers: Mrs. Bigami's contribution to the Church of St. Joachim in Trenton comes to 50 cents a week; the Bieber's donation to the United Church they attend is 35 cents, including Gerald's Sunday school.

Al has no debts and still has more money saved up than Oscar, but it's melting rapidly. By last year the American had \$1,600 tucked away; now he has \$800 left. The most Oscar managed to squirrel away, including compulsory savings, was \$400. He did manage to get a new gas stove for \$90, and new suits for himself and the boy out of the compulsory savings. But he still owes \$72 on the bedroom set he bought last year from an installment store.

How Costs Compare

If you'll refer back to the table on page 12 for a moment, you'll see how the weekly outgo of the two families compares—\$64.85 for the American Bigamis, \$57.05 for the Biebers of Hamilton. I haven't included the unusual medical bills the two families incurred last year, just their more normal expenses.

Note the Biebers' phone. They had it just a month when I visited them, and it's a little symbol of Oscar's recent gains.

But, most significantly, have you observed that both families are actually spending more than the wages of their men? To keep up their standard, at present costs, both pick up extra jobs. Al gets a few dollars a week as caretaker for a neighborhood club he belongs to. Oscar makes \$2.50 collecting tickets when his union local gives a dance, and Mrs. Bieber does occasional baby-sitting and sewing for neighbors. Any of the rest of the deficit came out of those disappearing savings.

More than anything else both want to retrieve their backlogs.

"If I had \$500 in the bank I'd feel like a millionaire," Oscar, the Canadian, told me.

Al, the American, still has more than \$500, but I never saw such a worried millionaire. "I'd be all right if I had that \$70 a week back," he said. "We could go on as we are and save on it."

I went a great deal further than these two families to compare Canadian living costs with those of the States. I took a long list of the goods and services a family buys, and priced the same qualities in Trenton and Hamilton. (You'll find some of the comparative prices reproduced on page 13.) I then weighted these for their import-

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Case-hardened Canadian entertainment experts who have seen thousands of films apiece, (such as Messrs. C. J. Appel, Harvey Hunt, Harry Dahn, and Archie J. Laurie), place THE PERFECT WOMAN in all lists of the ten funniest pictures since the late John Bunny.

★ ★ ★

Only an off-beat professor would think of inventing a girl-friend who could be switched off and on like a light. Only a delirious genius could imagine the cinema situations resulting. Such a one must undoubtedly have been among the technical advisers on THE PERFECT WOMAN.

★ ★ ★

With this film, the British trend toward laughter is really hitting the high spots. The question now is: How many different types of comedy can there be? CARDBOARD CAVALIER is in slapstick and QUARTET, by contrast, slick satire.

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PASSPORT TO PIMLICO is fast, broad comedy. IT'S NOT CRICKET is horse-play. THE HUGGETTS specialize in family fun. ONCE UPON A DREAM is farce.

★ ★ ★

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films,
ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.

An  Release

ance in a family's living cost. For example, an average small family buys 520 quarts of milk a year, but a new bedroom set only once in 14 years.

Here's a tabulation of the result, for a family of three in Trenton and Hamilton.

	Trenton	Hamilton
Food	\$938.08	\$814.32
Men's, Boys'		
Clothing	148.91	158.56
Women's Clothing	116.77	120.66
Home Furnishings	131.09	147.66
Miscellaneous	271.58	260.64
Shelter	547.20	480.00
	2,153.63	1,981.84
Auto Operation	169.82	205.75
	\$2,323.45	\$2,187.59

If you divide by 52 you'll find that a nondriving Trenton family of three spends \$41.41 a week and the same family in Hamilton spends \$38.11. These don't agree with the figures for the Bigamis and the Bieberts, because they live somewhat above the bare minimum. Besides, the American Bigami has a higher wage than Oscar

Bieber of Hamilton, and so: their standards are even farther apart than pure statistics would show.

There's a good chance that if you visited the Bigamis and Biebers a year from now you'd find their expenditures a little closer. That's because American wages have already turned downward while Canadians are holding their own.

Last December the average U. S. factory worker's real weekly wage, in terms of 1939 dollars, was between \$28 and \$31, according to the number of his dependents. The corresponding Canadian figures were \$25.35 and \$27. By May, though, the American's pay had fallen to \$27 and \$30.45. The Canadian's was still going up; it was \$25.80 and \$27.70.

How much does a family need for a moderate standard of living? Our price comparisons, plus some recent research by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, gives us a clue.

In the States at this time a worker's family of three in a town like Trenton needs about \$3,110 a year. So a family of three in a town like Hamilton would need \$2,925; a family of two would need

\$2,265; four, \$3,485, and five, \$4,010. These sums include personal taxes and insurance but make no allowance for savings.

Don't be angry with this article if you find you can't support your family on such sums. For one thing they're based on controlled rents, and uncontrolled rates are much higher. Or if you had to buy a whole house recently to get a roof, certainly your shelter expense will throw these budgets out of joint.

For another, the living these sums allow is admittedly modest. They do permit a secondhand car, refrigerator, washing machine and other common appliances. But Papa can buy just one wool suit every other year, and a lightweight suit once every three years. Mama is allotted three dresses a year, plus one house dress. It allows each member of the family a movie only once every three weeks. It's a budget that the experts call "a necessary minimum."

Now just how does your cost of living compare with folks in the States and with your fellow Canadians? ★

Don't Get Queasy Just Take It Easy

Continued from page 16

the passengers was a white-haired lady well up in her 80's. The trip was unusually rough. One by one the passengers became pale, wiped their foreheads, grabbed for a paper bag or made a desperate lunge for the washroom.

"I knew it was my turn next," Dr. Ramsdell says, "but I had to know how the old lady was making out. With my skin damp and my eyes glazed I managed to turn around. There she was, calm and cool as if she were in a rocking chair on her front porch. She smiled. 'Young man,' she said, 'it seems we're the only ones enjoying the trip.'"

Dr. A. D. Tuttle, medical director of United Airlines, made a survey of every baby flown on United Mainliners. Healthy babies reacted better to flight conditions than most adults. Babies often flew with their mothers straight from the confinement hospital. Dr. Tuttle is convinced there is no danger in air travel for infants under one year.

Part of the explanation why infants are such good travelers is that their ears are able to adjust to changes in altitude more readily than the ears of an adult. The other factor is psychological. Infants and young children show little fear and anxiety.

Adults frequently become ill because they are emotionally on edge; the chemical balance of the body is out of line. While a disturbed chemical balance won't make you ill it exposes you to illness that your body could otherwise resist.

Mild emotions lead to travel sickness, but strong emotions often prevent it. During the war seasickness was common in the U. S. Navy. In zones of relative safety the sick bay of a warship usually had a quota of nauseated sailors. But in a danger zone few men were sick. At the most critical times—during attacks by submarines or aircraft—seasickness disappeared almost entirely.

Airline pilots and stewardesses report similar reactions. Airsickness disappears like magic when passengers become seriously alarmed. Intense fear sets off an emergency reaction which helps your body fight off illness.

All airsick fliers at the Charleston U. S. A. Army Air Base were given a

psychological interview. Most men who developed airsickness were found to have a history of personal maladjustment and emotional instability. They were the men who bit their fingernails, had nervous stomachs; felt inferior and insecure.

Almost 75% of the travelers who develop motion sickness show neurotic trends of one sort or the other, according to doctors.

Despite the safety records of the major transportation companies of the world many passengers still have an underlying fear and anxiety. When this anxiety comes to the surface we can easily recognize the nervous traveler. But mostly the anxiety lies deep in the mind. That's why some of the strongest men succumb shamefacedly to sea and airsickness.

Psychiatrists have been called in to help overcome the unpleasant side of travel. Dr. Schilder had a patient who became so ill when he traveled that he couldn't even ride in a taxi.

One day his patient rushed into Dr. Schilder's office and slumped into a chair. "Doctor, I need your help," he began. "I've got to go to England almost immediately. If I don't go my company will lose out on the biggest deal we've ever had. But I'd rather die than get on that boat."

Go Into Your Trance

Dr. Schilder knew that the time was too short to try to treat his patient's fear. But he had an idea. For five days he hypnotized the patient and told him that he would lose the fear of travel, that he wouldn't be sick and that he would enjoy the voyage. The final session took place aboard the ship just before the liner pulled away from the dock.

Everything worked perfectly. The man got to England and back without the slightest trace of seasickness.

"But it was only a temporary treatment," Dr. Schilder says. "As soon as the suggestion wore off his fear returned. He still gets sick at the mere thought of riding a ferry."

There has even been a case in which an airsick passenger was hypnotized during a flight. It happened on the Norwegian Airline's ski tourist plane flying between Copenhagen and Lillehammer.

A well-known European psychoanalyst watched the suffering of a fellow passenger, then talked quietly to her for a while. He finally succeeded in

putting her into a deep hypnotic sleep.

The doctor explained to the dubious stewardess: "I told her she had already reached her destination. Now she is dreaming that she is skiing."

Gloria Smith, a veteran stewardess with Pan-American Airways, tells a story about a Yogi who flew from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to New York.

"The weather was a little rough and the Yogi didn't like it," she says. "When he felt himself becoming ill he went into a trance and stayed that way until the plane reached New York."

Diet is important, but there is no relationship between normal eating and becoming ill. Starving yourself will not help; small, frequent meals are best. Avoid overeating and keep away from fatty and gas-forming foods.

Watch out for liquor. Even if you don't become travel sick under normal conditions, you are tempting fate when you reach for a cocktail or a beer.

If you begin to feel ill, try to close your eyes—this helps a little. But if you must keep your eyes open, stare steadily at some fixed spot. Don't try to read: the less you use your eyes the better off you'll be.

Don't watch the horizon. This is all right for a pilot, but not for you. The pilot keeps himself oriented in space by constant reference to the horizon. But when you look at it only at odd intervals your brain is bombarded by confused and conflicting impressions. Many pilots become ill when they are flying as passengers or when using an "automatic pilot."

The risks of travel sickness are fewer when you are lying down. If possible, keep flat on your back without a pillow. During the war thousands of soldier passengers found that they could ward off growing feelings of illness by stretching out.

Some seasoned travelers believe that sickness is more likely to come on you in one part of a plane, car, or ship than in another. The least motion in a plane is at the wings. On a train it's the centre of the car. In an automobile the front seat's best. In a ship find an inside cabin amidships on a lower deck.

Avoid the odor, sight and taste of anything that is strong or repulsive. Hot oil, exhaust gases, cooking smells and tobacco smoke are especially disturbing to a traveler with a squeamish stomach.

If possible take your trip when the weather's most suitable. Contrary to popular opinion more people are airsick

during the summer than during any other time. The thunderstorms of the warm months create the rough air that leads to bumpy flying. But North Atlantic voyages are more likely to be sickness-free during the summer.

General health is important. Even a common cold is enough to bring down your resistance to motion sickness. Women find that they are much more susceptible to illness during the menstrual period. Pregnant women are also likely to experience minor discomforts, although there is little danger of permanent ill effects.

It's a good idea, however, for a woman to get the consent of her physician before she takes a plane or an ocean voyage during the last month of pregnancy.

A peculiarity of motion sickness is "specific immunity." This means that the type of boat or plane has something to do with whether or not you will be sick. Some people are sick only in large ships or large planes. Others become ill only in small craft.

One man whose business made it necessary for him to cross the Atlantic often found that he became ill on the Mauretania, but never on the Queen Mary. People who become used to an ocean liner may become ill on a lake or a channel steamer.

Careful With the Travel Pills

If you still doubt your ability to travel comfortably you can obtain "travel pills" which will help cut down your chances of becoming ill. Among the chemicals used in them are the barbiturates, atropine compounds, strychnine, benzedrine, ergotartrate and hyoscine. The last is a drug related to the so-called "truth serum" and is commonly found in commercial "seasick remedies"; a special chewing gum containing hyoscine, developed by the U. S. Army, has had some success and is now used by several airlines.

Doctors of Canada's defense services and The Canadian National Research Council worked extensively on motion sickness during World War II. They developed a seasick pill for the Canadian Navy which received a great deal of publicity in 1944; it has been improved since.

The improved pill, known officially as the Canadian Motion Sickness Remedy, National Research Council Formula, is described as containing a special barbiturate which works directly on the canals of the inner ear, anaesthetizing them slightly so that motion is less likely to disturb them. These pills also contain hyoscine and accomplish their purpose without making the traveler drowsy.

Said to be much less dangerous than earlier pills of similar type, these still must be prescribed by your physician. If he is unfamiliar with the formula it may be found in the Journal of the Canadian Medical Association, 1947 (Vol. 56, P. 417).

If you decide to use a seasick remedy make sure that its contents are completely harmless; if you use anything containing drugs do so only under the direction of some qualified person.

Air stewardesses have had special training in the use of travel drugs. They know what to give you and how it should be given. If you are traveling by steamship consult the ship's doctor. Don't attempt to doctor yourself.

Don't put off that vacation trip because of fear of travel illness. United Airlines' Dr. Tuttle says that "under ordinary conditions, airsickness, seasickness, carsickness and other motion ills can be prevented or cured." So start your trip without fear, anxiety, or apprehension, and chances are you'll stay well and really enjoy yourself. ★

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The Riddle of the Republic

Continued from page 14

Britain just how my wife and myself would be received and how we would fit into the joyful scene. I have never fancied dancing in the streets, but obviously Dublin would be one vast carnival demanding at the very least from us a paper hat and a false nose.

But there was no dancing on the streets and no hilarity in the crowded restaurants where the sort of meals are served that most of us in England have forgot ever existed except in our dreams. I found the Southern Irish courteous and gracious—from the newsboys to the maîtres d'hôtel. Taxi-cab drivers smiled their greetings and spared no trouble to please us.

Yet Dublin was strangely subdued and, rightly or wrongly, I felt that there was some curious disillusionment in the air. Further than that, I sensed a desire to convince the British visitor that he was welcome not merely for his money but for himself.

Puzzled by it all I asked a writer friend to explain the riddle. There is nothing the Irish like better than explaining the inexplicable and he did not hesitate.

"The truth is," he said, "that we are feeling loike the young lady in 'September Morn,' charming but chilly and very much alone. This being a republic is just moonlit madness. Sure, aren't we in the Commonwealth no matter what we do, so phwat's the use of saying we're out of it? It's just these politicians with each one thinking he must prove himself more Oirish than the other.

"It's one thing to be a problem child in a prosperous family, kicking up a fuss, being spanked and fondled in turn, but always attracting a lot of attention . . . but it's quite another thing to become a lone spinster in a back room and no one caring phwat you're doing tonight.

"Under British tyranny the natural ambition of every Oirish writer was to go to London and insult the English at so much a word. Sure, didn't Shaw do it, and Oscar Wilde and Sheridan and all the rest of them? Moind, we'll never forgive the British for the evil way they kept us down and denied us our liberty, but what good is liberty to a small country tied by the chains of history, geography and opportunity to the mighty British Isles?"

Where's That Rebel Spirit!

Now I asked a taxi driver what he thought about the republic. "It makes no difference at all," he said. "I've still got to work, haven't I?"

I went into an empty Catholic Church and wandered about its aisles when a visiting priest came up and asked if I was a visitor. When he discovered that I was a British M.P. he took me to one side and said: "This republic business is all wrong. What more could the British do for us? We were an independent member of the Commonwealth, and now what are we? I am afraid that this will put off union with the Protestant North further than ever."

It is the absolute truth that in three days we did not hear one word of praise or enthusiasm for the republic. Yet this was the dream of men who went to violent death with the cry of "Up the Republic!" The ghosts of Robert Emmet, O'Connell, McDonagh, Pearse and Casement must be moaning over St. Stephen's these nights.

In fairness let it be admitted that we were only in Dublin, and that Cork, Galway and Killarney might be

of a different mood, although it is unlikely. Yet what has happened since the Easter Rebellion of 1916 when men rose up in their hundreds to strike at Britain's power and to count death or imprisonment as nothing if they advanced the day when the republic flag would fly over the Castle?

Obviously the thing to do was to go to the source. Mr. Costello, who had vanquished Eamon de Valera at the last election, was now Prime Minister and the Dail was sitting. His private secretary could not have been more obliging.

"The Prime Minister had to go down to the country yesterday to a funeral," he said, "and we were forced to double up his engagements today, but if you will come to the Dail at 5 o'clock I am sure he will find time to see you."

How fine a flowering of the human soul is courtesy! Some philosophers claim that graciousness is the sign of decadent civilization. There are businessmen whose vocabulary does not include the word philosophy who think that politeness has something to do with servility and contend that bluntness is the firm rock of character. It may be true. Here in Dublin where argument is the coinage of the mind I am prepared to believe anything.

When Madam and I went to the Dail the private secretary was waiting for us on the steps outside the entrance so that we would be spared inconvenience or delay—and all this for a backbencher British M.P. with no more status than any other tourist.

He explained that the Prime Minister had been delayed but if we would care to listen to the debate in the Dail he would come for us as soon as the Prime Minister was free. So we took our seats in the Dail, which is built rather like a bird cage with wire netting all around to prevent enthusiastic members of the public throwing flowers or other things of a less delicate character.

Pandit Nehru Was a Caller

The debate was on education, and as it did not reach a particularly high level of oratory it was a relief when, half an hour later, the private secretary took us to see the Prime Minister.

Mr. Costello is an Irish lawyer with twinkling eyes and a musical Irish voice that would charm a sparrow off a twig. It would be against the code to reveal the conversation that we had on this occasion but I see no harm in giving the nature of the discussion.

I asked him how Mr. de Valera took his defeat at the polls and he chuckled. "No one's had the heart to tell him that he lost."

Then we got down to business, which was the partition. His face remained as gentle as before. "Why won't the Ulster leaders come and have a game of golf with us?" he said. "I sent word to them and suggested it, but they won't do it. I promised not to say a word about politics, but even that is not a sufficient inducement."

He sighed and smiled. If ever there was sweet reasonableness it was present in that room. I began to think hard things about my friends in the North and could see no reason why they should not meet this new leader of the South in friendly combat.

I was with Mr. Costello for nearly an hour, during which I felt that I could clearly understand not only what was in his mind but the political circumstances which had forced him to demand a republic despite his electoral pledge that he would not alter in any way the External Relations Act.

He is no master in his own house, but is the head of a coalition. His principal colleague is Mr. McBride, who leads a party of about 20 members in the Dail. It was Mr. McBride who declared for a republic, and Mr. Costello could not afford to be less a patriot than his junior partner.

I am convinced (although he did not say so) that Premier Costello would lead the Irish Republic back into the Commonwealth if the partition was done away with—if he could have his own way.

I am convinced that he would agree to the continuation of the Ulster Parliament with an All-Ireland Parliament sitting in Dublin—if he could have his own way.

When I signed his visitors' book I noticed with interest that the last visitor had been Premier Nehru of India, the man who invented the formula of an independent republic recognizing the King as the head of the Commonwealth. It is a safe assumption that Nehru had not traveled to Dublin merely to look at St. Stephen's Green.

When we had to go the Prime Minister not only escorted us through the lobbies but out into the courtyard and to the street. "Let me know when you are coming again," he said, "and I will place my car and chauffeur at your disposal."

I thanked him warmly, but said there was one last question I wanted to ask: "Will the shooting start again?"

"I sincerely hope not," he said. "But it is possible."

Two hours later we boarded the ship at Dunleary and were on our way home, convinced that here was a man of clean mind and good heart who would bring sanity to a problem which has haunted the ages.

* * *

Now comes the sequel.

Two days later Mr. Costello spoke to the crowded Dail. It was the speech of a tub-thumping firebrand, calculated to inflame the passions of the violent and rouse the hatred of the ignorant. Britain was denounced as the implacable enemy of Irish freedom, cynically and brutally guaranteeing Ulster's integrity for no other purpose than to keep Ireland partitioned and helpless. The conscience of the world was invoked to curse the British and to declare the pure unselfishness of Ireland.

Somewhere Mr. McBride was shouting the same epithets.

In London Mr. de Valera was conducting meetings to demand that Britain take her assassin's hands from Ireland's fair throat.

When Parliament met at Westminster to discuss further stages of the Irish Bill there were armed secret-service men mingling with the crowds in the outer lobbies. Outside No. 10 Downing Street the police were armed as well.

What had happened to change the Costello (who had talked with my wife and myself) into a ranting agitator?

"Mad, Premature Plunge"

There is an explanation but it is creditable neither to Ireland nor democracy. Because de Valera had started his campaign against partition McBride had to shout louder for the same cause. And because of both of them Costello had to go one better and, although carefully declaring that he did not believe in violence, uttered words calculated to inspire it.

Like the three witches at the cauldron they go round and round invoking hell's agents and shrieking

their incantations. It is a thousand pities.

The repercussions were felt even in the British Parliament where many Socialists refused to support their own Government and forced Mr. Attlee to dismiss five parliamentary private secretaries for defying party discipline.

The partition of Ireland, as I stated in my letter a fortnight ago, is a bastard thing which disrupts the economic life of the whole island. Nor is the hatred of Protestant and Catholic any longer in keeping with Christianity or sane democracy.

But if partition remains until it is finally ended by the dictate of human tragedy the blame will lie neither at

the door of Ulster nor the portals of Westminster. The mad, premature plunge into a republic was not the demand of the Irish people but was a move by Irish politicians in the old, old game of politics.

De Valera, McBride and Costello must share the blame for wantonly raising an impenetrable wall between North and South at a moment when British generosity could have been used as a medium to bring the severed portions together.

I am sorry if these words seem an ungracious return for Mr. Costello's courtesy to me while I was in Dublin, but one can only write the truth and damn the consequences. ★

The Night of Mr. Waddy

Continued from page 10

back of Mr. Waddy's neck ceased, and he laughed a little. He had a very pleasant laugh.

"Hello, kitty!" he said amiably. "You don't fare so well out here in the wilds, eh? Hungry? Come along. I'll give you something to eat."

He held open the cottage screen door. The cat stalked confidently in before him, its tail held erect. Mr. Waddy chuckled. He had looked forward to this night with anticipation. He would be alone—an unparalleled circumstance—long miles from any other person. No one on earth knew where he was. There was sheer desolation all about. And presently he would make a pot of hot chocolate and set out a cup, and luxuriously settle down in this extraordinary setting to read a new murder mystery by his favorite author. The booming isolation of his position would multiply the thrills of the book. This cat, purring at his feet, would add a perfect touch. Tonight's reading of a murder mystery would be an unforgettable experience.

He went happily into the kitchen. The shelves were stocked with everything storable in cans. He took down a small can of evaporated milk. He started to wipe dust from its top, but there was no need. He poured a saucerful of the creamy stuff and put it on the floor, beaming. The cat, its tail waving grandly, lapped with a tiny pink tongue and perfect table manners.

Mr. Waddy went even more happily into another room. Dusty to be sure. He shifted a comfortable chair comfortably close to a reading lamp. He placed an endtable for his chocolate pot and cup. He went into the bedroom and set out his dressing gown and pyjamas. Presently he would don the dressing gown and his adventure would really begin. With every light but one extinguished he would sit and read his murder story and sip his nightly chocolate. He would be the one man awake in the one house within miles, in a vast and starless isolation with the surf booming heavily nearby. Nothing could be more deliciously exciting than that!

He found hangers for his coat and vest. He was filled with anticipation. Tonight, to match the richness of this atmosphere, he would make his chocolate richer—a few malted-milk tablets added in the pot made a flavor that was very pleasant. He was about to slip off his coat when he heard an obscure sound in the kitchen. It was a peculiar unrhythmic thumping. He went to see what it was.

The sauce of milk was spilled. The cat kicked convulsively. It lay on the floor, moving with extraordinary stiffness. Its muscles stood out like cords. They moved without purpose. The cat appeared to be unconscious. As Mr.

Waddy looked at it in absolute stupefaction it made a final, violent contortion of all its body. Then it was still. It was quite dead.

MR. WADDY stared at it. He took off his glasses and polished them and put them back on. The cat was still dead. It had been perfectly healthy and playful not more than ten minutes ago. Nothing had injured it. It had been hungry. It had drunk of the milk Mr. Waddy poured out for it. Now it was a corpse.

Blankly Mr. Waddy looked at the almost-empty milk can. He sniffed at it. It smelled all right. It was not sour or spoiled at any rate. There was a very faint aroma—Mr. Waddy's mind said, "Peaches!" and he was impatient with it. The inappropriate smell of peaches meant poison.

He thought for a long time unhappily. Then he gingerly got the limp furry body on a dustpan and carried it out to the lighting-plant shed. He would bury it properly on the morrow. Meanwhile—

He was trying halfheartedly to assure himself that this very small tragedy would contribute to the proper atmosphere for his reading when something occurred to him. He stopped short where he stood. He planned to make his usual, nightly pot of chocolate. He had given the cat milk from the first can his hand touched. But for the cat he would have made his own chocolate from that can. But for the cat he would have drunk the milk the cat had drunk. And the cat had died immediately after drinking it!

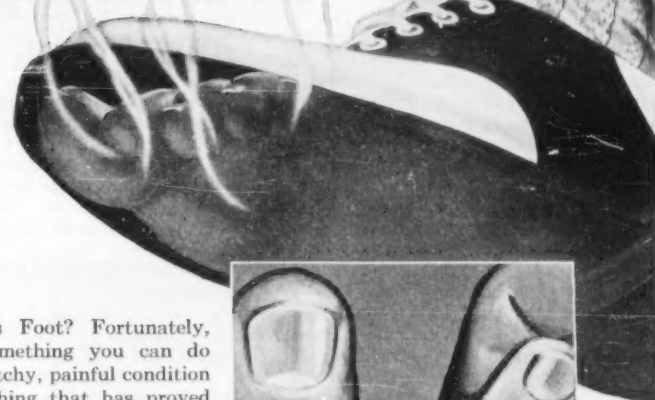
A cold, icy feeling went all over Mr. Waddy's body. It started at his spine and spread. He went back to the kitchen. He picked up the milk can again. It had not needed to be dusted. Everything else in the house was dusty but not this particular can. He turned it over. After a moment he cut the top away so that he could examine the interior fully. He felt a very peculiar, unbelieving horror.

Someone had punched a hole in the bottom of the evaporated-milk can and then soldered it shut again. There was no question about it. It was not done at the factory. The punctured metal on the inside was sharp and jagged. And it could not have had any possible purpose—unless to permit the thrusting of a hypodermic needle through such a tiny hole for the injection of a substance that would give a faint scent of peaches to the milk. But of course nobody would do a thing like that! Nobody had any reason!

"It's ridiculous!" said Mr. Waddy in an oddly thin voice.

He could not believe it. But he did. After a moment he took down another can from the shelf. He noticed the dust. The shelf was dusty. Everything was dusty but the tops of—there had been four but now there were three cans of evaporated milk on which no dust at

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all had settled. Mr. Waddy, with trembling hands, lifted them and looked underneath. Each had been punctured and resealed. Two other cans at the extreme rear were dusty. They had not been tampered with.

SWEAT came out on Mr. Waddy's forehead. Somebody had come into the cottage within the last twenty-four hours. Possibly the last twelve. Perhaps the last two! That somebody had replaced the original cans with opened and resealed cans, the contents of which smelled faintly of peaches. The cat had drunk from one of the newly placed cans. The cat had died immediately. The inference was inescapable but preposterous.

Mr. Waddy had come here with certain documents and records of the Jamison Corporation. Mr. Hatch had asked him to come here with all due precautions for secrecy. There was a matter of refinancing certain of the company's obligations. Mr. Hatch—as president—had arranged quite confidentially to bypass the usual underwriters and arrange the refinancing at a much lower cost. He might save the company the better part of a hundred thousand dollars. But it had to be absolutely secret until achieved, lest the usual underwriters be antagonized by the attempt to cut their profits. It was a perfectly legitimate business deal—necessarily secret at the moment but wholly proper. It was not even conceivably a motive for murder.

Mr. Waddy stood ashen-white in the kitchen of Mr. Hatch's cottage. He had narrowly escaped death. Perhaps he had not escaped it! The device had been intended for him and no one else. His nightly pot of chocolate was traditional. Everybody knew about it. This murder scheme was tailored to his habits. Anybody who knew him could have contrived this in absolute certainty that once he arrived here they would only need to wait a reasonable time to find him dead. Then the company documents would be at the killer's disposal. When Mr. Hatch arrived there need not be any sign at all that he had ever gotten here. He would have vanished from the face of the earth.

His murderer would be waiting outside now for him to die. Sooner or later he would be peering in the windows to see if Mr. Waddy was yet dead. And if he saw Mr. Waddy plainly discovering the murder scheme the killer would take more violent measures.

Mr. Waddy, shaking, put the emptied cans into the garbage can. He turned on the burner of the stove which was served with bottled gas. He broke three matches before he could strike a light. Then he half-filled a pan from the tap and put it on to boil. When it boiled he would normally add canned milk and chocolate and malted-milk tablets, and let it simmer up. So, desperately, to deceive his possible waiting murderer, Mr. Waddy went through the routine as if he suspected nothing.

WHILE the water heated he went to the bedroom. He moved like an exceptionally well-trained automaton. His mind seemed frozen by the knowledge of his intended murder. He could guess at a motive—wildly improbable to be sure—but even that knowledge could not help. He was alone and unarmed and unbelievably isolated. The surf boomed hollowly on the beach. The wind whined and mourned about the cottage. Outside there was unrelieved blackness and absolute emptiness. And by morning the wind would have erased the footprints his murderer made and there would be no sign anywhere . . .

Mr. Waddy's throat seemed to twist into a strangling knot. He felt the presence of someone resolved upon his death. He groped numbly in a paralyzed mind for some way to postpone his killer's impatience. But surely while he acted as if unsuspicious, as if he moved regularly toward the fruition of the murderer's plan, that murderer would not break into the cottage to destroy him with violence!

Mr. Waddy tried to swallow and failed. He turned out the light in the bedroom and composed his features in the blessed dark. Then he went back to the kitchen. There were two windows there. He played for the audience of the man who intended that he should die tonight by opening a can of evaporated milk, by adding chocolate to the merrily boiling water. He put in the malted-milk tablets . . .

The chocolate simmered. It rose in the pan and he turned down the flame, watching it, his face grey, hearing the surf and the wind and the monotonous throbbing of the motor. And he felt eyes upon him. Mr. Waddy's throat was dry as he poured the foaming chocolate into an earthenware teapot. As he half-filled a cup. Then he should drink—

No . . . Grasping at a straw for delay, he carried it, stumbling, into the next room and set down the pot and cup on the table by his chosen easy chair. His killer undoubtedly moved to watch in the living room windows.

Mr. Waddy looked down at his coat. He made an arrested gesture as if to remove it. He went into the bedroom—now darkened—as if to put on his dressing gown. In the blessed dark of the bedroom he almost fell from pure panic. But instead he tiptoed across the room to the window nearest the ocean. He stood there panting. He listened.

The surf boomed. He waited until it had reached its loudest, and then with chattering teeth he eased up the window. In desperate stealth and desperate silence he slipped out.

He fled into the darkness.

A LONG time later he realized that he had escaped. He was a mile and more from the cottage with his lungs bursting and no sign anywhere that anything had happened. The surf still roared upon the beach. The wind still blew. There was a tiny rustling sound of wind-blown sand grains rolling upon each other. Over the sea he saw a far-distant speck of light. A lighthouse. There was nothing else in all the world.

Mr. Waddy found a hiding place. A half-buried tree still struggled to survive though shifting sand engulfed it. He crouched in the foliage and waited, shivering. The wind would erase his footprints and he could not be tracked to this place unless his killer began to trail immediately. Surely all persons murderously inclined would go away when the parties to the business conference began to arrive. But Mr. Waddy would not attempt to cross the two miles of causeway before dawn! He would be exposed to detection and murder every foot of the way. His killer would suspect him of that attempt the instant he discovered Mr. Waddy's flight.

So he stayed hidden all night long. Insensibly he gathered some shreds of confidence as the long hours passed and no dark shape came plodding through the night to destroy him. He even thought out, shuddering, what must be the murderer's plans. Ultimately he came even to perceive a peculiar beauty in his surroundings. He noticed, certainly, the first faint greyish glow on the eastern horizon. He watched from his hiding place as the miracle of dawn progressed. The whole eastern quad-

rant of the sky acquired a ghostly radiance; the waves which rolled toward the shore showed moving liquid surfaces of dull steel color above their ink-black troughs. Later there was a dim but lucent twilight over all the world. Mr. Waddy saw the shapes of the dunes about him.

It was then that he heard the faint murmur and saw the headlights of a car on the causeway. It was very far away and moved fast.

It reached the solid sandy ground of the Spit, purred confidently on and went out of sight behind the dunes between Mr. Waddy and the highway. He knew, suddenly, that it was Mr. Hatch, the president of the Jamison Corporation. He'd been at a party in a town two hundred miles away. He'd told Mr. Waddy that he would leave the party as if to retire, but instead would get into his car and drive all night long. He and Mr. Waddy would have a final conference after his arrival and be ready for the negotiations when the other parties arrived at ten o'clock or nearly.

MR. WADDY waited until he was sure his superior had reached the cottage. Dawn was well advanced by then. There were rose-colored clouds to eastward and it was already morning though the sun was not yet in sight. Mr. Waddy took a deep breath. He made his way to the beach and walked on its firm sand toward the cottage.

Presently, with an odd knot in his stomach muscles, he turned inland toward the cottage. He surmounted a dune and saw Mr. Hatch's car.

Mr. Hatch himself was outside and moving away from the cottage. His short, rotund figure was unmistakable. Mr. Waddy opened his mouth to call but Mr. Hatch disappeared around a dune. He gazed about him hurriedly. It looked as if he searched for something that would be lying on the sand.

Mr. Waddy swallowed. He felt rather foolish, but he probably looked as discomposed as he felt. Mr. Waddy trudged on and into the house. He went into the living room. He started. The pot and half-filled cup of chocolate had been taken from the end table beside the easy chair. He went into the kitchen. The dishes had been emptied and rinsed and were ready to be dried. They still glistened with wetness. Then Mr. Waddy saw a paper bag on the sink. Mr. Waddy looked inside. It contained four cans of evaporated milk. They had not been opened and sealed shut again. They were the way cans of evaporated milk should be, without their soldered punctures.

Presently, painfully, Mr. Waddy looked to see if there were any fresh footprints about the house other than his own and Mr. Hatch's. He was not in sight when Mr. Hatch came walking heavily back to the house, looking uneasy and scared and baffled. He stared about him in every direction. Mr. Waddy watched through cracks in the shed which sheltered the electric-light plant. Mr. Hatch wiped sweat from his face and went into the cottage. Mr. Waddy still gave no sign of his presence. He waited in the little shed—watching through cracks and in the window of the kitchen—as Mr. Hatch made coffee and once went hastily out of the kitchen to search every room of the cottage again. He watched while Mr. Hatch, trembling, gulped down a cup of smoking coffee, heavily laced with milk from one of the cans he'd brought in the paper bag. But he did not sit down. He paced restlessly, his forehead creased as if in mounting anxiety and bafflement.

At long last Mr. Waddy went quietly out of the shed and to the cottage. He consciously straight-

ened himself before he went in. He met Mr. Hatch in the kitchen, and did not seem to see the expression of sheer unbelief—of terrified unbelief—with which Mr. Hatch regarded him. Instead, Mr. Waddy said:

"I—hope you haven't eaten or drunk anything, Mr. Hatch. I—didn't recognize you when I first got back, and I set a trap for someone who tried to murder me last night."

Mr. Hatch made a wheezing noise, staring at Mr. Waddy.

"They were going to murder me and load me in your car, Mr. Hatch," said Mr. Waddy with difficulty—"in the car you told me to drive down here. They were going to run it off the wharf at the other end of the Spit. I'd probably never have been found, and if I ever was it would be thought I'd committed suicide—You haven't drunk any coffee, have you?"

Mr. Hatch made a choking sound. He shook visibly.

"There was—something wrong with the milk," said Mr. Waddy, wetting his lips. "So—when I found somebody'd brought new cans of milk to replace the ones that were wrong, I—I switched them. The—cans in the bag are the ones that were on the shelf. I hope you didn't use any of them."

Mr. Hatch stiffened. Not by volition but because every muscle in his body tensed and grew rigid. He made jerky, purposeless gestures. Then he tried to scream. But only a reedy whispering noise came out of his mouth. Then he collapsed quite abruptly.

Half an hour later Mr. Waddy drove away from the cottage. Mr. Hatch looked rather like a cocoon in the back seat, swathed in many bonds made from strips of a torn-up sheet. Mr. Waddy drove with anxious care. He was very unhappy. Of course after Mr. Hatch had done so much for him he would not really have risked letting him drink poison. But he was still unconscious in the back seat and Mr. Waddy was beginning to be worried about him. Just, however, as the car reached the main highway Mr. Hatch made groaning noises. Mr. Waddy looked relieved. He drove on more briskly. Presently—

"Waddy!" croaked Mr. Hatch. "Waddy! What—"

"You won't die, Mr. Hatch," said Mr. Waddy reassuringly. "I just wanted to be sure who'd tried to murder me. You didn't drink any poison. I watched through the window to make sure that you used one of the cans you brought—not one from the shelf. I didn't switch them at all. So you only thought you'd drunk the milk that was fixed for me, and you fainted. But you were unconscious so long that I was worried about you."

Mr. Hatch gasped. Mr. Waddy said unhappily:

"Of course, I see that if I'd—vanished into thin air—or off the wharf down at the other end of the Spit—I see that it might have been convenient for you. It was—rather a shock to realize that that's what must have been going on. I—I feel terrible, Mr. Hatch, to think that it's possibly the reason you used your influence to get me elected treasurer of the Company. And I can't help worrying . . . How much have you stolen from the company, Mr. Hatch, that you were going to pretend I had embezzled after you'd murdered me?"

He was very unhappy. But just then the car reached the causeway across the marsh. It was two miles of perfectly straight road. Mr. Waddy stepped on the gas and his look of unhappiness vanished. The car surged ahead. The motor roared. Mr. Waddy's eyes gleamed. The car hit eighty. ★

Runway to the World

Continued from page 15

and Smelter officials also fly their own Puss Moths or Fox Moths to mining property in the North.

The centre of all this activity is the Edmonton Civic Airport, which is almost in the geographical centre of the town itself. The glint of sunlight on duralumin wings and the constant roar of engines is as much a part of Edmonton as the high-level bridge or the scrub-wild Hudson's Bay Reserve in the centre of town. Edmontonians regard the engine's roar as music, for the airport brings close to \$8 millions a year to Edmonton pocketbooks.

Lots of Edmontonians still have a crick in their necks from that day in September, 1943, when 865 aircraft went through town in 24 hours, or about one every two minutes. That's upward of 100 more than went through in the whole year of 1939. Then the airport was a 160-acre piece of pastureland with a couple of hangars and gravel runways. Today it covers 750 acres, has three mile-long concrete air strips, 16 hangars, 200 small buildings and employs 1,000 persons. Eleven major air companies use it as headquarters and the whole shooting match is worth close to \$13 millions.

It calls itself "the busiest airport in Canada." In 1943 it set a world record for take-offs and landings—a whopping 82,500, with nothing less than a DC3 with a flight plan of at least 600 miles counting.

This year it may beat that record. In April alone it chalked up 10,000 landings and take-offs. When other airports were infants Edmonton's name was known around the world. (You can see it written on Wiley Post's world-girdling "Winnie May" in the Smithsonian Institute today.) Edmonton had Canada's first municipal airport (1926), and Western Canada's first Class A airport (1930).

How much freight is trundled through the airport annually is anybody's guess. One hazard: 12 tons a day. One known fact: Canadian Pacific Airlines alone ships a million pounds north every year.

Flashbulbs and Eskimos

There have been some strange cargoes. Uranium ore is still stacked carelessly in mundane sacks in an airport hangar. An American visitor was once flabbergasted to see bush pilot Leigh Brintnell unload half a ton of gold ingots from Yellowknife onto the tarmac without an armed guard or an armored car in sight. Flying Trapper Dalziel once brought in \$150,000 worth of stone marten. Sacks of whitefish, three quarters of a ton at a time, come in from the North.

Once a plane took off for the North with a ton of Pennsylvania hard coal. Miners near Yellowknife were willing to pay almost prohibitive air costs for it because they needed to temper their tools. Almost everything goes North by air: loads of steel cable, dynamite, nitroglycerin, boilers, bulldozers, Diesel engines, children's toys, crockery, the occasional horse, a piano for a mine operator's wife, a new wing for a stranded Stinson.

Perhaps at no other airport do sophistication and the frontier meet so squarely head-on. One early morning last February an RCAF Dakota, its lights vying with the faint fingers of the aurora on the horizon, swept in from the North, its steam freezing on the air in a solid-looking plume. Parka-clad airman helped a child with enormous astonished black eyes into a waiting ambulance. This was Kamiuk, legless

Eskimo boy from the disease-ridden Arctic settlement of Cresswell Bay, 1,500 miles away. Beside him stood Kavavow, in a handsome white seal-skin parka and sealskin boots, a stocky, motionless inscrutable Eskimo, staring unblinkingly into the white men's flashbulbs.

In the same week a big Northwest Airlines transport roared in from Tokyo and a group of businessmen with brief cases climbed off asking: "What day is it now?" This is one of the reasons why radio station CJCA in Edmonton has changed its slogan from "Gateway to the North" to "Crossroads of the World."

Jim Bell, the slight, quick, brown-eyed Yorkshireman who has been the airport's manager since its inception, carries a silver dollar on his watch chain which symbolizes Edmonton's position at the crossroads as well as anything.

They Used to Be Harbors

When Wiley Post came through Edmonton in 1932 Bell asked him: "How do you finance these trips?"

"I don't," Post told him. "Look, I had eight of these silver dollars when I started out. I still have five. Here, take one for luck. It's the fastest dollar in the world."

Later Bell lent the dollar to Edmonton pilot Herbert Hollick-Kenyon. Hollick-Kenyon flew the dollar and Sir Hubert Wilkins over the North Pole on an Edmonton-based search for Sigismund Levaneffsky, "the Russian Lindbergh," lost on an Arctic ice floe. Then he flew the dollar and Lincoln Ellsworth over the South Pole.

The dollar has indeed brought Bell luck. On May 24, 1934, he and bush pilot Berry were dragged from the burning, twisting wreckage of a 10-passenger Fokker before a holiday crowd of airport spectators. It took Bell four years to recover, but now he's as sound as his globe-girdling dollar.

The airport was really Bell's idea from the start. In 1919, fresh out of the RAF, former civil engineer Bell went to the Edmonton city fathers. "Some day you're going to have a great air harbor here," he said. "When that happens I want to be harbor master." (Nobody had got around to calling them "airports" yet.) Bell got his wish in 1930. A mild man today, he used to be known as "Hotski the Terrible" because he was forever chiding young pilots for taking chances.

About the time Bell was talking about air harbors a blond and owlish young man named Wilfrid ("Wop") May was coming home. May was the pilot that German air ace von Richthofen was vainly chasing when another Edmontonian, Roy Brown, put an end to the German's career. Brown won the V.C.; a grateful city gave May an airplane, a Curtiss Canuck dubbed "City of Edmonton," which had been bought as a war trainer by public subscription.

May and his brother trundled the plane onto a farmer's field and the Edmonton airport came into being. With this as an H.Q., May and others like him barnstormed about the country in the postwar years, charging \$20 for a three-minute ride at country fairs and putting on parachute demonstrations as added attractions.

May used to kid his hired parachutist that the chute opened nine times out of 10. The joke backfired. The stunt man made nine jumps, but refused flatly to make a 10th. May had to cancel all his contracts.

Flying didn't really take hold until the winter of 1928-29 when several things combined to make Edmonton



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an air-crazy town. First, the airport became the western terminus for the old prairie air mail (which the Bennett Government later canceled). Then, in January, 1929, Wop May and Vic Horner climbed into a tiny, silver, open-cockpit Avian biplane, hoisted 30 pounds of serum aboard, and guided by trappers' smudges along the river headed for diphtheria-ridden Fort Vermilion in the Peace River country.

This terrible journey in 40-below weather caught the imagination of the city and most of the continent. May and Horner froze their hands, faces and lips. They spilled their last oil on the snow, had to scoop the congealed snow up into cans, heat it over a fire to steam the water out and pour it back in the engine again. But they made it there and back again and 10,000 people jammed the airport to greet them when they returned. Because of this, May's company, Commercial Airways, got the air-mail contract to Aklavik on the Arctic Ocean.

At this time May's big rival was Clennel H. (Punch) Dickins of Western Canada Airways, who had made the first flight to Aklavik earlier that year but lost the mail contract. Dickins had charged \$4,000 to bring out a load of furs that January. But the furs sold for \$40,000 more than they would have brought if they'd come out alone by steamboat the following summer. This sort of thing made Edmontonians air-conscious.

Next year Edmonton tore down the old hangar which had been rotting on the airfield since 1920, built a big new one, named Jim Bell manager and got a class A rating for the airport. They also held Canada's first air show.

After the Mad Trapper

Business boomed and competition was hot. Wop May sold out to Western Canada Airways which became Canadian Airways (and later CPA) with May on the payroll. Leigh Brintnell formed Mackenzie Air Services and parlayed two secondhand Fokkers into 15 planes. First man to fly Gilbert LaBine and Charles St. Paul into Great Bear Lake, where they subsequently made their great radium discovery, he got the freight contract from Eldorado mines and hauled out the first radium ore—\$20,000 worth of it.

It was the era of the bush pilot, of the mercy flight, of the aerial pioneer. In 1928 Punch Dickins had won the McKee trophy, Canada's oscar for airmen. Wop May won it the next year. In the first nine years the trophy was awarded Edmonton pilots copped it six times.

Walter Gilbert on a flight to the North Magnetic Pole found some of the lost records of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition, 150 years old. His first clue: a human skull rolling with the wind down the barren shores of King William's Land.

Wop May's Bellanca followed the snowshoe trail of the mad and murderous trapper Albert Johnson through the Rat River Pass on the edge of the Arctic Circle. After the gun battle that left Johnson's torn body smearing the white snow May flew blind through the blizzard-choked pass to bring a wounded Mountie to a doctor's care.

Stan McMillan flew across the Barren Lands from Great Bear Lake to Letty Harbor on Amundsen Gulf, with one hour of daylight to see by and a compass needle whirling like a dervish, to bring eight sailors stranded on an ice-locked schooner to safety in Edmonton. Matt Berry, another McKee trophy winner, picked up two RCAF officers, starving in the Arctic.

North Sawle (so named because he was born in the North) roved the great lone land between Cameron Bay and Coppermine, finally located his quarry: a Hudson's Bay Post manager and two companions huddled in an igloo made from the engine cowlings of their shattered plane. Punch Dickins, first man to Aklavik, was also first over the Circle, first across the Barren Lands.

Meanwhile the record breakers were coming through Edmonton in an almost steady stream. Parker Cramer, first man to fly from Siberia to New York, roared into the Edmonton field in 1929 on short notice one night, tore the belly out of his fabric Cessna in the flickering light of the oil flares, got it stitched together and roared off again next morning.

Post and the Mountie

Capt. Ross G. Hoyt, trying to set a long-distance Atlantic to Pacific record, cracked up in B.C. He returned to Edmonton in 1934, with U. S. Lieut.-Col. H. H. Arnold (later General "Hap" Arnold of World War II fame) and 10 U. S. bombers on the first military flight to Alaska.

Speed champion Frank Hawks brought his "mystery ship" to Edmonton, mystified bush pilots by flying to Fort McMurray (260 miles away) and back before lunch.

In 1931 Post and Gatty helped put the airport's name on the map. The night they landed Edmonton had a record rainfall and the "Winnie May" bogged down in a sea of gumbo mud. Post climbed ruefully out of the plane. "This is the end of it," he said. "We're finished."

While the fliers slept in Bell's office Bell hustled up a farmer's stoneboat (a land-going sleigh) and had the plane towed onto Portage Avenue (now Kingsway) which borders the airport. Portage was a wide paved street with no houses on it, thanks to a land-boom bubble that burst in 1913. Two and a half miles long it made a perfect landing strip. Post got off it in five city blocks.

Post came back solo the next year—on the last leg of his world hop; destination, New York. Dead tired he refused to talk to newsmen. Suddenly he spotted a Mountie in the crowd—the first he'd seen. From then on he talked freely with the Mountie while reporters' pencils scratched. U. S. newsmen, radiomen and moviemakers jammed the airport. But Canadian newsreeler Lucien Roy scooped his better-equipped, better-heeled rivals by slipping his exposed film onto Post's own plane and beating the competition to New York.

Men With "the Fokker Stoop"

A weary Jimmy Mattern, forced down in Siberia on a world-girdling hop, was through a few weeks later. Picked up by Russian pilot Levanefsky, Mattern returned to Edmonton later to help in the search for the missing Red airman.

It was the era of big chances for big gains. Before the war Jim Bell kept a logbook of pilots who had checked through his airport. The other day he looked through his old book, came up with the names of 55 who had been killed in the air. "But remember," Bell says, "these men were explorers. Look at Franklin. He lost 100 men in one expedition. These fliers deserve just as big a niche in the hall of fame."

Strange clues sometimes led to mangled aircraft. Once Indians came upon fishbones scattered miles inland from water. A search party working on a shrewd hunch came upon the wrecked plane of a Slavic pilot named

Kheilbauch. He'd been freighting fish and when he crashed the bears had scattered the bones.

The Eldorado and Yellowknife strikes boomed flying in the 30's. The bill for the first plane chartered to equip the radium mine at Eldorado came to a smashing \$1,475 (the pilot thought it looked less astronomical than a round \$1,500). Freight from Fort McMurray to Aklavik in the early days cost \$2.50 a pound. Passengers, jammed in between bales of groceries, mining machinery and the low ceilings, walked with what bush pilots called "the Fokker stoop."

As the airplane came into its own rates dropped. Despite this one big mining company working out of Yellowknife spent \$80,000 on aircraft alone in 1936. The freight to Yellowknife mounted to \$2 millions a year. In 1937 Edmonton's citizens voted themselves a new \$35,000 hangar. The airport was becoming big business. How big nobody knew until the war made it the world's busiest.

In the words of pilot Leigh Brintnell, the war made Edmonton a "storybook town" and the airport became a storybook airport. It was so busy at one point that 27 aircraft were circling over the town waiting for the signal to let down. One day a plane from Russia asked priority to land ahead of the others. Jim Bell couldn't give it even though Vyacheslav Molotov was aboard. Molotov had to wait his turn while three other aircraft landed.

Flights of 600 aircraft heading north for Alaska or Russia came through at one time. Once Bell had 120 DC3's lined up at one end of the airport along the railroad waiting for weather. Their cargoes: live naval-torpedoes.

Bell met some queer customers during the war. One was a girl from Prestwick, Scotland, who had stowed away in the front wheel housing of a Liberator and persuaded Canadian authorities to grant her a stay in Canada. She was heading through Edmonton for Alaska to meet some Russian women pilots. Her ambition was to ferry planes to Russia. She didn't realize it.

Old Ladies on Ferry Runs

The G.I.'s themselves gave Bell plenty to think about. Once he stared out of his windows and rubbed his eyes when he saw an entire two-story house on the airport, smoke belching from the chimney. It turned out to be a U. S. Army canteen. The Yanks had been towing it across the field when the lunch bell sounded. On another occasion the Americans astounded the Canadians by moving one of the giant hangars from one end of the field to another overnight.

Bell was sitting in his office one day when a U. S. civilian in overalls burst in and asked to use the phone. He called long distance and asked for a Tennessee number. "They took me off my regular run and sent me up here ferrying a ship to Alaska," he explained. "I haven't been home yet. My wife'll be plumb worried."

Today, four years after the end of the war, Bell finds his airport almost as busy as ever. His airport is now headquarters for the largest territorial air command in the world. The Canadian Northwest Air Command stretches from the 49th parallel to the North Pole, from Schreiber, Ont., to the Pacific Coast.

One Sunday early this year 930 planes landed or took off from the airport. That's more than that day in 1943, though the planes were probably smaller. The globe girdlers are still coming through. Penmaker Milton Reynolds and his pilot, Capt.

Bill Odom, have stopped over a couple of times. Two youngsters flying Piper Cubs around the world were through not long ago; also two elderly ladies ferrying Aircoups to Alaska. A British housewife, trying to circle the globe, was stranded in Edmonton for a couple of weeks last spring. Seamen ferrying oil tankers to the Orient are flown back through Edmonton.

With Edmonton expanding in another boom (oil this time) Bell has his problems. City bylaws keep building restricted under the six flightways that approach the airport. International air regulations prohibit any tall buildings within 13,000 feet of the tarmac—a distance that stretches right to the Saskatchewan River and business section. This is one of the reasons why Edmonton has no skyscrapers. Now, with the city filling up, Bell sometimes wonders whether he can maintain an international airport five minutes from the castlelike MacDonald Hotel.

Bush Pilots in White Collars

If the airport should have to move there's still the big, unused, RCAF-operated field at Namao, eight miles out of town, four times the size of the civic airport. Its runways are 10,000 feet long, its approaches unblocked from any direction.

By now the bush pilots who helped build the airport have gone onto big executive jobs. Punch Dickins has a top-echelon job with de Havilland Motors. Grant McConachie runs CPA, with Wop May bossing his western division. Matt Berry now sits at Ottawa as Independent member of Parliament for the Yukon. Leigh Brintnell heads a new company, Arctic Airways.

Meanwhile, the new crop from the new war are building with the airport. Tommy Fox, an RCAF veteran, has expanded his Associated Airways in four years from a two-plane organization into the biggest charter company in Alberta. Two ex-paratroopers, Hargreaves and Dick, run a supply depot on the airport.

Yet some of the old pioneering spirit that helped make the story of the Edmonton airport one of the most dramatic in Canadian aviation history still clings to the broad new concrete runways and the glistening glass bubble of the airport tower.

Only last winter Matt Berry dug up two old photographs and recalled that back in 1930 he'd spotted what looked like lead ore on the shore of an unnamed island in the Arctic. He got some backing and planned to head North.

Keeps Thinking of Vikings

The modern plane, scheduled to take Berry and his party to the Arctic, broke down at the last moment, so Berry climbed into the same old Fairchild 71 which he'd used to fly over the island 19 years before. With two postcard-sized photos and his memory to go on he located the island, landed in the dead of winter, brought back a heavy chunk of lead ore to the Edmonton airport. Now a company has been formed to develop the area.

Bell likes to see this sort of thing. "This is the Key to the North," he says, with capitals in his voice. "I keep thinking of the Vikings and the men of the old shipping days, always exploring . . . trying to further trade and knowledge by extending their grasp beyond all horizons. That's just what's been going on at this air harbor all the days of its existence."

The phone rings. Bell speaks into it. "Yes. Storm coming up in another hour. Traffic still rolling through." ★

The Family in the Palace

Continued from page 7

This may be one of the reasons (apart from tradition and protocol) why the British Royal Family—and they're Canada's Royal Family, too—are, ordinarily, as inaccessible as the moon.

This the British appear to prefer. Perhaps by now the British Royal Family might have become as easily accepted and politely ignored when they go about their private business as the Royalty of the Netherlands, or of Norway, if it hadn't been for the people of Britain who have made the Windsors toe the formal line sharply.

And yet while public opinion forces the Royal Family into a pattern of formality, any break they make from that pattern—such as the Queen breaking through the police barricade on a formal occasion to speak to a veteran in a wheel chair, or the King taking time off for a discussion with a worker in a factory—the Press reports minutely and the people praise inordinately.

They say, with incredulous surprise, "Nowhere but here in Britain would a King speak to a perfectly ordinary person . . . we have the most democratic royalty of all," whereas nowhere in the world is royalty more formidable.

The Crowd Presses In

For some reason this exalting of a nice flesh-and-blood family, of setting them alive upon a marble pedestal, has somehow contributed to holding together the British-settled Commonwealth. They are the core of common interest.

An Englishwoman in Canada: "They give us something we all feel. They are for all of us."

A Londoner: "We like the fact that they are better than us. It's something to look up to. It's the one stable fact in a very unstable world. We don't want them to act like the rest of us."

I saw at Earl's Court, for some three and a half hours, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip performing this public service of just being.

They looked like a royal family in a fairy tale.

First to arrive was Queen Mary in pearl-grey, leaning on a tall pastel-grey umbrella, and she stood at the head of the red carpet of the entrance lobby at Earl's Court amid her entourage of old men with very curly mustaches and most proper ladies-in-waiting.

And then, heralded by an ooh which was like a sigh of a lost wind, in came Queen Elizabeth in a pastel-blue dress and behind her Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh with their entourage trailing behind them like a wash of a wave.

Queen Mary went to meet her royal daughter-in-law. They kissed with obvious affection.

Then Elizabeth, in pastel pink, came along and kissed her grandmother on both cheeks and then, curtsying, on the hand.

Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, the tall young fellow, came up quickly behind his lovely, slim wife and kissed the hand of the old Queen, too, and then, with a slanted smile, bent to kiss her cheek and whisper something which made the Dowager Queen smile.

In a peculiar way they had made it a family scene, though formal, for a moment, there in the lobby of the British Industries Fair. All the people, crowding the aisles nearby, all the reception committee, were for that time held back by the obvious closeness between these people who knew and were fond of one another.

Queen Mary waited for Queen Eliza-

beth to precede her, and then, slowly, easily, as though loitering through an empty park, the royal party moved on.

On the sidelines a little woman behind a tall policeman said sharply: "I wish you hadn't grown when you were a boy."

The comments from the crowd being held back by the police were loud and frank, and entirely ignored by the Royal Family. Somebody in a carrying voice: "I do think the Princess is going to look like her grandmother."

"And it won't do any harm at all," came back an answer.

Three hours later Queen Mary was still stepping out briskly in her old-fashioned, pale-grey shoes, while some of the entourage were shifting unhappily from foot to high-heeled foot at each pause.

Princess Elizabeth had stopped at draperies and looked sharply around for Prince Philip. They are furnishing their new home, the Clarence House, themselves.

Queen Elizabeth would occasionally look directly into the crowd, smiling her warm familiar smile which set a little eddy of pleasure among the jam-packed people.

Queen Mary does much of her Christmas shopping at these fairs, often protests about the high prices. She will order various things, embarrassing the officials, for most of the displayed goods are for export only. The story the British tell with tender relish—and it is just a story—is that finally the baffled manufacturers and fair officials brought the matter to the Cabinet, who conferred seriously and finally reached a solution. They declared Queen Mary a hard-currency area.

The Royal Family—outside of Prince Philip—has never handled money. Even when they go to church there is an enquiry to fork out the collection. So, though thousands of pounds go out of the King's private purse yearly for salaries of the household, for royal bounty and for necessary family purchases, he probably couldn't lay hand to a penny himself.

Sometimes the Queen has set out shopping herself, but large crowds gather so quickly that stores have to be closed and barricaded. So usually the Royal Family look at pictures in advertisements, or make notes of things they see at fairs and exhibitions, and ask to have the things they need, or would like to buy, sent to Buckingham Palace on approval. They have, too, their preferred costumiers and shoemakers.

A Pram at the Palace

Prince Philip is the only one of the family who drives himself, but now that he is married he's finding it more difficult to go to dinners or the theatre with the lack of fuss he prefers. Often when he and Princess Elizabeth go out, they go as any young couple might, on the spur of the moment, calling for theatre tickets just before leaving, but even then the word spreads that they are about and crowds gather to stare at them and comment.

The second morning I was in London I called a cab and went to Buckingham Palace. It's as easy as that. I wished to see Commander Richard Colville, the King's secretary, whose offices are there.

A patriarch even among London cabs wheezed up, the driver accepted the lofty address without a tremble of an eyebrow and we proceeded down Knightsbridge in jerks and spurts. A passing glimpse of the Guards, their helmets shining, their red capes flying, at Hyde Park gates.

The guard was changing on the palace forecourt and people were lined

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up outside the railings listening to the band play some cheery selections from Gilbert and Sullivan. The big policeman at the gate leaned down to look into the cab and waved us in. The cab spluttered over the smooth worn cobbles and coughed to a stop. The guard kept changing. The bewhiskered old cabbie got out painstakingly, cranked the engine, listened, shook his head, cranked again. The band played on. Finally the engine caught, and heaving and bumping we drew up at the entrance in the right wing.

The footman, alerted, flung open the door and I tagged after him down the long red-carpeted, painting-lined hall to the cold, high study with a French window opening into the palace garden, which is the commander's office.

Just beyond his office is the circular-shaped hall, with the tall double-glassed doors, green carpet, pale-green walls, which is the private entrance of the King and Queen. On the bow-shaped steps a perambulator has been parked frequently these days.

It is equally simple for people who want to "sign the book" to pass through the tall gates into the cobbled forecourt of the palace.

"The book" is the visitors' book, which is kept at the left-wing entrance hall, where people who want to pay their respects to the King and Queen, say, on a royal birthday, or as thank-you for lunch, or after a garden party, or, if they have been away a long time as a sign of their return, write their names. Princess Elizabeth has had a "book," too, since her engagement.

All you do is drive to the gate, tell the guard, "We want to write our name in the book," he waves you on and keeps a sharp eye to see you get to the right door.

Then, it was explained to me delightfully, Their Majesties look over to see who's been in, probably remark, "Oh, look, So-and-so is back in England. Let's have him to tea."

The day I came in for my visit to the King's secretary there was an elderly couple, a minister and his wife from Scotland, writing in the book. Both were obviously deeply moved—in their very attitude was their sense of deep respect and affection for the King and his family.

I watched them walk back across the forecourt and through the gates to the Mall, and the people hanging about as usual stared at them wonderingly. The old minister walked so proudly you felt, somehow, he had been knighted.

Bagpipes in the Morning

Buckingham Palace is the official residence of the King of England and his Consort; also it is the home of a home-loving family. In their modest apartments scattered about the vast palace the Windsors find their only privacy.

Here, from the garden entrance, an old-fashioned lift with black and gold trellised walls mounts to the first floor and the apartment of the King and Queen. They have each a bedroom and dressing room. The dining room, called the Chinese Room, is furnished with Chinese ornaments, hangings, embroidered silk, and is capped with Queen Mary's jade collection. Here the family dine alone or with close friends.

On this floor, too, is the Queen's drawing-room where the Royal Family often gather at teatime to talk over the day's events. The Queen pours—for herself China tea with milk, no sugar.

They live quite simply by preference. The meals are not feasts, simply soup, entree, sweet. They always change for family dinner, the King into a black

tie. Unrationed foods, poultry, game, fish, etc., are brought in from the royal farms of Sandringham and Windsor, but the King pays for these from the household budget to keep both the farm and household accounts straight.

In the evenings after dinner they'll sit about listening to the radio, or Princess Margaret will play and Princess Elizabeth sing, or they may play "racing demon," a game of patience.

Before Princess Elizabeth moved to Clarence House she had an apartment consisting of bedroom, dressing room and sitting room on the third floor. Princess Margaret still occupies one the same size. The nursery for Prince Charles was on this floor too.

The music room faces the garden and here, daily, Princess Margaret practices the piano, and often the Queen will drop in to sit quietly listening to her.

By tradition there is always, outside the King's and Queen's rooms, a page, a senior servant who's been at the palace 10 to 20 years. One of these pages is ex-Pipe Major Alexander MacDonald, who is also the King's Piper. His duties include playing the bagpipes in the garden outside the royal apartments each morning at 8.30. Palace gossip says that it won't be long now before Alexander marries Flora MacKenzie, one of the maids.

Of all the people in the palace, probably the King leads the most strenuous life. He's continued at his work even during his illness.

He is called at 7.30 a.m. and breakfasts at 8.30. Then for an hour he reads the daily papers, opens his correspondence, answers some of it. Many of the letters addressed simply, "The King," come to him unopened by his

special request. Friends often initial the corner of the envelope, in which case these, too, are delivered to His Majesty unopened.

At 10 he rings for his private secretary, who brings up Cabinet papers and other state papers. At 10.30 the assistant private secretary lays before him submissions to be signed, foreign-office telegrams to be read and more correspondence.

At 11 the King calls for the Keeper of the Privy Purse, his financial secretary, or for the Master of the Household, who is responsible for running the palaces, or for the Crown Equerry, in charge of the royal horses, cars and carriages.

Seeking the King's Advice

Both the King and Queen disapprove of extravagance and the palaces are run as economically as possible.

His first interview of the day is from 11.30 to 12. It may be with a colonial governor or a Canadian Cabinet minister. The second one is sharp at 12 to 12.30 with, say, a retiring commander-in-chief. The third is from 12.30 to 1 with perhaps a new minister.

Luncheon, at 1.15, the Royal Family often tries to have *en famille*, with Queen Mary or the Gloucesters dropping in. The Gloucester children play in the palace garden which is bigger than their own in London. But quite often, too, diplomats, visiting foreigners are asked.

At 3 the King is on the job again, perhaps for a presentation of letters of credence, or the recall of an ambassador, or to receive a bishop, or to attend an outside engagement such as

a visit to a school, or a fair, or opening of a hospital.

From 5 to 8 he reads state papers, perhaps studies a draft of a speech, writes in his diary. During this time, too, the King may receive the prime minister or the foreign secretary or some other members of his government. These come to the palace oftener than one would suspect, for advice and for conversation.

One Labor member explained it like this: "You see, governments change, but the King stays. Only a fool would deny that in many cases his judgment is bound to be sounder than that of a new, inexperienced man. So we ask for it."

At 8.30 is dinner, and the family hour. Unless, of course, there is an official do to attend.

Even when the King goes to the country for his holidays he still receives his stack of mail and the many papers which he must, by the constitution, legalize with his signature.

In Edinburgh the King and Queen stay at Holyrood House, the official Scottish residence, but Balmoral is their favorite place in Scotland and their holiday house for August and September. Windsor Castle, 20 miles outside London, is the spot for summer receptions or entertainment of foreign or official visitors. But the King much prefers his small, private homes such as the Royal Lodge at Windsor where no equestrian or ladies-in-waiting are ever in attendance, no court circulars are issued and no photographers allowed. But even here a call may come through the private line connecting the lodge to Buckingham, and the King may make the hour's drive to London and his job.

Sandringham in Norfolk is another retreat. There the King must, mentally, put aside the crown and step out as a country squire and family man. This is where the Windsors gather for Christmas, and it is from his ground-floor study here that the King speaks to his people the Empire over on Christmas Day. The King is the people's warden at the local church there.

When friends visit the Royal Family at these country retreats for week ends formalities are dropped. After the good-morning curtsy or formal bow the visitors will act as any normal guest would at a pleasant home.

To Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret the King and Queen have always been "Papa" and "Mummie" and Princess Elizabeth is still known in family circles as "Lilibet," the name she gave herself as a baby. The King calls his wife "Elizabeth," and she uses his boyhood name "Bertie." But while the Princesses' friends call them by their first names even the highest members of the court, friends of many years' standing, will always address Their Majesties as "Sir" and "Ma'am."

A Room in Stinkwood

Deeply religious, the King and Queen seldom miss Sunday church. Since the King's illness the Queen has taken to visiting in the evenings, unannounced, various churches in London.

Since June Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip have been out of the immediate family circle at Buckingham Palace, having moved to their own Clarence House. It's not far, just a bit down Pall Mall, behind a high stone fence, the back of it facing the Ambassadors' Court of St. James's Palace, but it's far enough to break the family unit.

No one knew what Clarence House would be like, inside, when I was in London, for while it was being remodeled, painted and polished from cellar to garret Princess Elizabeth ex-



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PROFOUNDLY peaceful and serene,
The golf course spreads its pleasant green.
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Its fairways soothe the jaded eye.
Even its sand traps and its rough
Are bland and picturesque enough
To calm the nerves of one who may
Regard it from a mile away.

Yet men with pyrotechnic words
And torment in their souls
Revile the trees, the grass, the birds
Among these eighteen holes.

P. J. Blackwell.

pressed her wish that people wouldn't go to look at it. She wanted to present the finished product, rather than the interim stages, both to her friends and the wondering public, for this was to be her own home.

Ever since she and Prince Philip got back from their honeymoon its furnishing has been their close, joint project. The whole Empire has taken pleased interest in this home: Lancashire offered to furnish a whole room (it'll be called the Lancaster Room); The Canadian Pacific Railways gave the furnishings for another room; and South Africans promptly said they'd like to line one of the rooms with

stinkwood. What with the cost of things at the moment, it all helps a young couple.

For a country place Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip have a large modern villa called Windlesham Moor, where the baby Prince Charles stayed during the moving.

Personally, when I think of the Royal Family, I think of the little things that interpret their meaning to Britain's people.

Little things like the old woman who leaned across the arm of the big policeman during the Earl's Court visit, and, almost touching Princess Elizabeth, said: "God bless you, my darling." ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

Liberal organizer said, "the father of a grown-up family who controls maybe five or six votes can get up to \$400 from the Union Nationale.

"To be honest," he added, "I must admit that we are doing the same thing. But we haven't got as much money; we can't compete."

Why not? Didn't the Liberals have plenty of cash?

"Our treasurer is C. D. Howe," said the Liberal worker gloomily. "It costs him maybe \$3,000 to get elected in Port Arthur. He cannot understand why my candidate needs \$15,000 or more.

"However," he added, brightening, "at least we are making it as expensive for the other side as we can. We tell people, 'Don't take just \$100, hold out for \$400—they've got lots of money.'"

Liberals were frankly scared by the Union Nationale's show of strength. They didn't need the Gallup Poll to tell them that Prime Minister St. Laurent, personally, had the support of a vast majority in Quebec. But they knew, none better, what a party machine can do in a close fight, and they expected close fights in a number of individual ridings.

There was, for example, the rural constituency where the Liberal candidate had lately set up housekeeping with the wife of a leading Conservative organizer. That did him no good among his devout Roman Catholic electors, especially as the whole affair had been dragged through the divorce committee of the Senate. Divorce proceedings are supposed to be secret, but the Union Nationale had got hold of a transcript of the evidence and its juicier bits were read from political platforms. (The Liberal won anyway, as it turned out.)

There were ridings where the Progressive Conservative had such a strong personal following that he looked invulnerable. Georges Heon, chief of the PC forces in all Quebec, and Frederic Dorion, his lieutenant in the Quebec City district (they both lost), were both regarded as sure victors. So was the "Independent" Camillien Houde, who did win Montreal-Papineau by a margin of 85 votes. So were a dozen others whose names mean nothing to the outsider, but who are potent locally.

In other ridings Liberal strength was skilfully split by the entry of strong Independent Liberal candidates. One of these was Three Rivers, Premier Duplessis' home town, where the PC's scored one of their two Quebec victories. Another was Sherbrooke, where the mayor ran against the sitting Liberal.

Against all this, what won for the Liberals in Quebec?

Here's the explanation, given before the election, of a veteran French-Canadian nationalist:

"I don't think our people would have voted for St. Laurent in any enormous number just because he himself was French Canadian. But when they discovered that he was popular in the rest of Canada, that he was actually gaining votes for the party among the English, then they really were impressed.

"Myself, I am astonished. I have been told St. Laurent is even gaining votes in Toronto, but that I cannot believe. Toronto Orangemen voting for a French-Canadian Catholic? No."

In Toronto and the Yorks where the Liberals used to have two seats they won eight under St. Laurent's leadership.

As a matter of fact the Liberals didn't know their own strength in Toronto, to the intense disgust of their own optimists.

A week before the election a Toronto Liberal said: "The swing to St. Laurent is going to win for us in other places, but here it'll just elect the Tories again by weakening the CCF.

"Trouble is, the big boys in our party don't want Liberal M.P.'s from Toronto. This is where they get a lot of their money, and the Bay Street boys don't want to have to go through a local member when they're dealing with Ottawa. They'd rather go direct to Howe. So—look at the candidates we've got in this town. The Tories here may be a bunch of nincompoops, but we've outnincorpooped them."

This was a bitter overstatement, of course; there are several good men among the Toronto Liberal contingent. But there was some truth in what he said.

In one riding the Liberals had no candidate at all up to 15 minutes before their convention. Rather than default they picked a junior worker from another candidate's organization. The astonished nominee had only one stipulation:

"I'm getting \$40 a week where I'm working now, and I need it to live. Shall I get the same pay if I'm a candidate?"

The answer was yes, so the nomination was accepted. The Conservative candidate was successful, but by a minority vote.

This department's nomination for the most memorable quote of the entire campaign was delivered at a small Liberal women's meeting in an Ontario town. The speaker, a weathered Grit from the next riding, was extolling the Liberals as a party of reform:

"I say in all reverence, ladies, that the greatest of all reformers, Who died on the Cross, was a Liberal. Why? Because He was a friend of publicans and sinners." ★



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MAILBAG

But What About Forgotten Children?

In the article "The Forgotten Fathers" (May 1) the attitude taken is that if the father (of an illegitimate child) contributes financially, he is a generous, decent sort of chap. But what of the moral issue and the moral standards of the community which this sort of approach will make ever lower? —E. D. H., Vancouver.

• Both parents of an illegitimate child should suffer for the wrong they do for bringing such a child into this world, to be pointed out by society as an illegitimate (or by those of more vulgar speech as bastard) all his life.

Why don't you start a campaign on the part of the illegitimate child who through no fault of his own is brought into this world? I remember well, as one who bore my mother's maiden name, she having never married, the humiliation I suffered when I was required by the minister who performed my marriage to state the name of my father and that of my mother. This also is one of the questions which appear on the old-age pension application as well as upon other documents. —J. R. J., Winnipeg.

Wants "Heritage" on Film

The story in May 15, "The Heritage," would be read by many people. But I think it should be read by many more. I would like to see someone dramatize it for radio, and have it broadcast on a coast-to-coast network. I think it would dramatize well and do a great deal of good... I think that story would film well, there is so much dramatic action in it.—Winifred M. New, Gibson's, B.C.

• May I add my name to the list of those who will be writing to tell you how delighted they are with the sound "ethics" of the story "Night Assignment" by Burt Sims in the May 15 issue? It is so refreshing to find a stand being taken in a way that is direct, straightforward and at the same time so very readable. Keep up the good work!—Mrs. M. E. Crehan, New Westminster, B.C.

• When I read the letter objecting to the two stories, "The Lovers" and "No Room for Children," I decided to tell you that I liked them and advised a youth to read them as I also did with "Father Was a Gambler" and "Night Assignment." "The Choice" (June 1) did not appeal to me—too arty and weird.—E. M. R., Winnipeg.

Catching Crippen

In "He Plays for Keeps" (May 15) you say that Dr. Crippen was a "famous English wife murderer." Wrong, he was an American dentist, practicing his art in London. His wife was an American vaudeville performer. True, this is the first case in which "wireless" was credited with the arrest of the murderer. The facts are these: Crippen gave out the news that his wife was on a visit home in the States; whereas her corpse was in the cellar of his

house, with a new cement flooring to hide the job... Scotland Yard heard that Crippen was crossing the Atlantic on a Canada-bound slower steamer.

Two detectives hurried across by liner and landed in Canada. At Rimouski, where the St. Lawrence pilots are taken on, one pilot and two 'tecs went out to the slower steamer,



clambered aboard. They bided their time, and before they reached Quebec harbor Crippen was arrested on board—and not "as he disembarked." He was tried in London, and hanged. —W. C. Betts, Montreal.

Answer to Critics

Here is my brief reply to my critics. My note (Mailbag, June 1) was not intended for publication nor was it signed as published. The "soiled cloth" epithet, even though for private reading only, was nasty and *de trop*. I hope my clerical colleagues will forgive it—also the editors. My reference to "Toronto the Good" was not intended as an offense to the City of Toronto nor to the good citizens of that city whose number must be legion. I want to be as proud as others of our Ontario capital and as jealous as they are of her reputation. If I believed as Communism teaches that man is mere matter, only intelligent animality, I would not have objected logically to that particu-



lar article. Let those who disagree with my philosophy be broad enough to respect the well-founded convictions which I have neither inclination, time nor authority to discuss publicly. While our tastes are so divergent no conclusion may be reached.—(Rev.) D. J. Drohan, Brudenell, Ont.

• I regret very much that you would publish such a thing as this article on artificial insemination. I entirely agree with the Rev. Father D. J. Drohan. —Mrs. O. West, Toronto.

Schools and Scandal

I was very much concerned when I read in your magazine of a school which was unlike any school that most people had ever heard of. I have forgotten the name of the school but recently I noticed in Newsweek a reference to "Horsley Hall antics" and decided that this was probably the same school. (Horsley Hall was closed by the authorities after a scandal.) I hope that this is the same school.—Miss Evelyn R. Richards, Santa Monica, Calif.

Not the same school. Maclean's article, "In This School, the Kids are Boss" (Dec. 1), was about Summerhill, which at last report was still going its free-wheeling, unorthodox way.—The Editors.

Calgary Culture

While the article (on Calgary) above the signature of James H. Gray, in your issue May 15, is informative, it has the customary ring of the traveling free lancer who has a pre-conceived idea of what he wants, skims superficially through towns and cities in search of the obvious and fails markedly to penetrate below the surface for the more authoritative but less exhilarating data...

Calgary is a centre of culture. It has discerning audiences for all arts... Its "Workshop 14," a small Little Theatre group, has competed in the Dominion Drama Festivals for two successive years, and while they have failed to capture the Bessborough Trophy four members of the cast which presented "Hedda Gabler," just a few weeks ago, were offered either scholarships or jobs, while yet in Toronto, as a result of their performance... In the immediate district are several artists with national or international reputations. The Provincial Institute of Art has done a fine job for western art students for many years. The first groundwork for the internationally famous Banff School of Fine Arts was originally planned in Calgary... Calgary's Women's Musical Club audience is limited only by the capacity of its largest auditorium.—A. F. Key, Director, Calgary Allied Arts Council.

No traveling free lancer, James H. Gray is a loyal resident of Calgary.—The Editors.

WIT AND WISDOM

From Choir to Chore—To get more pay one clergyman resigned from his church to become janitor at another. From the divine to the ridiculous.—*Brandon Sun.*

D-day—And now there is talk of a three-cornered U. S. commemorative stamp—to mark the centenary of the safety pin.—*Stratford Beacon-Herald.*

Injustice—An all-male English jury has sent a man to prison for five years because he murdered his wife for nagging. The severity of the sentence suggests that he used unnecessary cruelty in performing this disagreeable but necessary task.—*Peterborough Examiner.*

Coloss-olfactory—"Soviets soon to make movies that smell!" an item says. So at long last we get back at the Russians, as making that kind is old stuff with Hollywood.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Counterirritant—Radio sets are selling well in India and the chap who has been torturing himself on a bed of spikes can now listen to women with real troubles.—*Brandon Sun.*

Twin Pans—America has a Miss Potato Chip, who must be lonely without a Mr. Fried Halibut.—*Toronto Star.*

Einstein Simplified—Speed is relative, and it is likely that no

person has ever traveled seemingly so fast as when he was a youngster and rode a bicycle alongside a picket fence.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

Off With Their Limbs—An anthropologist believes that the human leg eventually will disappear. Designers of theatre and bus seats have prepared for this in advance.—*Victoria Colonist.*

Why Stop There?—Before flaring up at the faults of others it's a good idea to count ten—of your own faults.—*Galt Reporter.*

Pardonable Error—Enoch had invited Joe for a ride on the back of his new motorcycle. After they had gone a few miles, Enoch asked Joe how he liked it.

"All right," said Joe, "but the wind is catching my chest."

So Enoch stopped. "Take your overcoat off, Joe, and put it on back to front; that will protect your chest a bit, and I'll button it up at the back."

They restarted, and after a while Enoch asked Joe if he was warmer. No reply. Joe wasn't there. Enoch turned the machine around and went back until he saw a crowd, and there was Joe lying motionless.

Anxiously Enoch asked one of the crowd, "How is he?"

"I can't make it out," said the bystander. "He ain't spoke since we twisted his head the right way around."—*Victoria Colonist.*

WILFIE

By Jay Work



"I see you've finally learned to keep your eye on the ball!"

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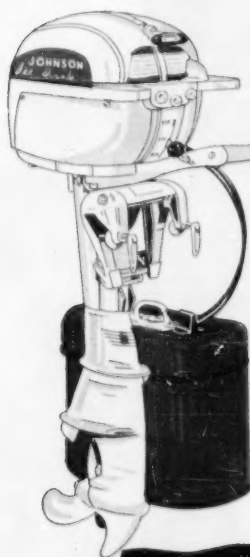
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

ST. JOHNS, QUE., has a new police chief who obviously intends to stand for no nonsense on the part of mere persons afoot. Anyway, it was formally announced in the St. Johns News that the chief had asked "all the population of this

member after another of the staff was paraded, but could cast no light on the mystery until the janitor was heard from. A man who took great pride in his work and in the museum, he insisted that he never interfered with the exhibits at all except to keep the glass cases well polished and free of small finger and nose prints.

"How about a demonstration?" demanded one of the investigators with just suspicion—and sure enough, it was shown before their own eyes that when the overzealous janitor polished away at the glass cases, static electricity played hob with the small squares of cardboard on the shelves within.



city to co-operate with the Police Department by observing all the traffic bylaws, as follows:

- "1. To drive in a dangerous manner.
- "2. To speed on the streets.
- "3. To fail to stop at the red lights.
- "4. To fail to make regulation stops at street corners."

That'll put those pedestrians in their place—six feet down.

A Toronto mother leading her four-year-old son into the ladies' waiting room of a local department store was surprised to hear him remark, "Oh, Mummy, let's go pat that nice doggy"—for she knew dogs weren't allowed in the store. Then she hurried to pull him back as she saw him make for a nicely dressed old lady having a rest in a comfortable chair—but she didn't get there before he had reached her and started to pat the red fox fur piece, complete with head, around her neck.

Mamma was just starting to stammer an apology when the little old lady, apparently a bit nearsighted, reached out, herself, and patted the fur parka which the little boy was wearing on this chilly spring day, exclaiming, "Nice doggy!"

The Manitoba Museum in Winnipeg is the last place in the world you might expect ghosts. Despite its solid, scientific atmosphere, however, it became more and more apparent during the past season that some mysterious force was at work—label cards within the glass show cases were constantly being found out of place though the showcases are always kept locked. About the time guides were beginning to look over their shoulders in empty rooms an executive meeting of the governing authorities was called to get to the bottom of the matter. One

carrier, staggering somewhat under the load he carried—not all of it in the canvas bag over his shoulder. As he came puffing up the platform to the open door of the mail car and heaved his bag aboard he shook his head and exclaimed passionately to the clerk on the train, "By golly! —I'm sorry I'm late, boss!"



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